

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Life, Writings, and Amours

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE *Esq;*

Interpersed with

Miscellaneous Essays, Letters, and
Characters, Written by Him.

A L S O

Some very Curious Memoirs of Mr. DRYDEN
and his FAMILY, with a Character of Him
and his Writings, by Mr. CONGREVE.

Compiled from their respective Originals,
By CHARLES WILSON *Esq;*

*Poets have an unquestion'd Right to claim,
If not the Greatest, the most Lasting Name.*

CONGREVE.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXX.

(Price 5s.)

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WILLIAM CONGREVE

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Persons have an undoubted Right to claim
It not the Great, the most Ingenious Man,
Congreve.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1729.
(Price 2s.)





To the Honourable
George Duckett *Esq;*

One of the Commissioners of His
Majesty's Revenue of Excise.

S I R,



WITH a formal
kind of Ce-
remony, had
I ask'd your
leave for this
Address, so very sensible
A 2 am

am I of the Benevolence of your Temper (which delights much more in doing generous Actions, than in having them blazon'd abroad) you would have declin'd it. Yet tho' I have taken this Freedom, I am sure I shall not displease you, because my Offering is a *Memorial* of one of the finest *Genii* this Nation ever produc'd, (if Mr. *Dryden's* Judgment be of any weight) and one whom all knew to be a hearty Lover of his Country. He was
like-

Dedication.

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likewise a *Brother-Commissioner*, which in these Days of *Dunciad-Scandal*, is, it seems a *notorious Sarcaſm*; but the *Impotent Malice* of ſuch *Libellers* (who love to *Laugh*, where they cannot *Ridicule*; and to *Rally*, where they cannot *Reason*) has no *Force*, and the *Effect* is fully ſumm'd up in this excellent *Diſtich* of my Lord *Rocheſter's* Satire againſt Man.

So

*So Magick Ointments make
an old Witch fly,
And bear a cripled Carcass
thro' the Sky.*

Your Affection for the
Muses will be as immortal
as the Fame of the Author
of PHÆDRA and HIPPOLI-
TUS; and I dare say, you
do not desire it should
have a longer Date.

To conclude, Sir, I will
not *flatter* you, but be ve-
ry *vain* myself, by a firm
Confidence, that the fol-
lowing

Dedication. vii

lowing Papers will afford
you *some Pleasure* ; and
the greatest Satisfaction I
can enjoy, is your permit-
ting me to subscribe my-
self, *Sir,*

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Bath, July 14,
1729.

CHA. WILSON.

A 4

Dedication. vii

following Papers will afford
you some Pleasure; and
the greatest Satisfaction I
can enjoy, is your permit-
ting me to subscribe my-
self

Your Most Obedient

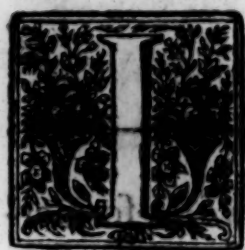
Humble Servant

CHAS. WILSON.

removable for Policks * than Phy-
sick, and for Wit than Willom f;



P R E F A C E.



I Shall take this proper, and
just, Opportunity of ad-
monishing one Dr. A***
a Scot, rather to apply
Terence's Hoc AGE to his own
Profession, than to be so officious in
playing the Busy-Body, by intermed-
ling in Affairs which no ways con-
cern him. I know he is much more
re-

x P R E F A C E.

*remarkable for Politicks * than Physick, and for Wit than Wisdom †; and 'tis great pity that his Qualifications were remov'd from their Center of Gravity; for as our renowned Countryman Cleveland has demonstratively observ'd,*

*Had CAIN been Scot, GOD had
revers'd his Doom,
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd
him home.*

A

* Mr. Bell, a Bookseller in Cornhill, formerly told me, that our Dr. was Author of a Sermon said to have been preach'd at the *Mercat-Cross* of *Edinburgh*, during the time of negotiating the UNION between the two Kingdoms.

† Witness his notable Farce, call'd, *Three Hours after Marriage*, level'd at Dr. Woodward, a Man to whom, even in the minutest Degree, he is not worthy to compare.

P R E F A C E.

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A certain Lady, to whom Mr. Congreve bequeath'd a handsome Legacy, would be more prudent, if hereafter she would not be so fond of exposing her own Ignorance in the Republick of Letters; for her Inquisitiveness led her so far, as to fancy she had a Right to demand a sight of these Papers, while they were under the Press; which being justly refus'd her, she then wanted to know by what Authority Mr. Congreve's Life was written, and what Pieces were contain'd in it that were genuine? Upon being civilly told, there would be found several Essays, Letters and Characters of that Gentleman's writing, she with a most affected, contradictory, Dramatick-drawl, cry'd out, Not one single Sheet of Paper I dare to swear.

I

*I know no more Business that any Person whatever has, nor any more Authority, to make any Inquisition after the Printing Mr. Congreve's Will, than I have to censure Him for making it. And therefore as my Sphere of Life is in a tolerable Degree of Situation, I value neither the Messages nor Threats, either of Peer or Peasant, on these occasions; and as such Drawcansir-Bullyings proceed only from an insolent Arrogance, I here return for Answer, the most abject Contempt, being the only suitable Requital. I employ'd Mr. Curll to print these Memoirs, and think my own Authority sufficient for whatever I am inclin'd to publish. Therefore if Dr. A * * * be dispatch'd with any more Expresses, he may, if he pleases, come to me,*

P R E F A C E. iix

me ; who am as easily to be found
in Great-Ruffel-Street, Bloomsbury,
when in Town, as he is in Burling-
ton-Gardens.

Cha. Wilfon.

P. S. For the Sum of three Shil-
lings and Sixpence, the following
most notable Advertisement was
inserted in the DAILY-POST of April
29, 1729. viz.

“ Whereas it has been advertis’d by
“ E. Curll, that there is now in the
“ Press, miscellaneous Essays and fa-
“ miliar Letters, by William Con-
“ greve Esq; to which will be prefix’d
“ Memoirs of his Life, Writings and
“ Amours, by Charles Wilfon Esq;
“ This is therefore to inform the Pub-
“ lick, that Mr. Congreve’s Life, &c.
“ will

“ will be publish’d with all possible
“ speed from authentick Papers, by a
“ good Hand sufficiently authorized.
“ To which will be added, an Account
“ of his Works already printed, as well
“ as of his posthumous Writings, of
“ which no other Person can have any
“ Memoirs relating thereto.

Well, Mr. Anonymous, you now have what Mr. Curll, by my Direction, advertised. I have written Mr. Congreve’s Life, not from Papers, but from an intimate Acquaintance with him of near thirty Years. I have also given an exact Account of all his Works already printed. As to his posthumous Papers I know nothing; but am pretty well convinc’d that whenever your doughty Performance starts

PREFACE.

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starts forth, your Authority and Ability will appear equally ridiculous.

Now to convince our authoriz'd good Hand that there was a very friendly Correspondence between Mr. Congreve and Mr. Curll, when he was printing the first Volume of the Lives of the Poets, intituled, The Poetical Register, He intimated his Design to Mr. Congreve requesting his Account of himself, and Writings, (he having been represented by some Scriblers as an Irishman ;) upon which Mr. Congreve sent the following Letter, viz.

Surrey-street, July 7, 1719.

Sir,

*" I much approve the Usefulness
" of your Work; any Morning, about
" Eleven, I shall be very ready to
" give*

"give you the Account of my
 "own poor Trifles and Self or any
 "thing else that has fallen within
 "the compass of my Knowledge,
 "relating to any of my Poetical
 "Friends.

1 am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

William Congreve.



MEMOIRS, &c.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq; (descended from the very ancient Family of the *Congreves*, of *Staffordshire*) was the only surviving Son of *William Congreve* Esq; (who was second Son to *Richard Congreve* Esq; of *Congreve* and *Stretton*, in that County.) He was born at *Bardsa*, a small Village, near *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*, 1672; which Place is a part of the Estate of Sir *John Lewis*, his Great-Uncle by his Mother's Side. His Father being a younger Brother, his Affairs, and Command in the Army, carry'd him into *Ireland*, when our Author was very young; by which Means, he had his Education, as to human Learning, in the great School or College of *Kilkenny**, and the University of *Dublin*; from whence returning into *England* soon after the Revolution, 1688, he was enter'd of the *Middle-Temple*, where he began the Study of the Law; but did not make so great a Progress as ever to be call'd to the Bar. His Taste was too delicate, and his Wit of too fine a Turn, to be long

* While at School, he gave several Instances of his Genius for Poetry; but the most peculiar one was, a very pretty Copy of Verses which he made upon the Death of his Master's Magpye.

pleas'd with a crabbed unpalatable Study; in which, the laborious dull plodding Fellow, generally excels the more sprightly and vivacious Wit. This, concurring with his natural Inclinations to Poetry, diverted him from the Bar, to the Assistance of the declining Stage, which then stood in need of such a Support.

The small space of four Years, or less, put a Period to Mr. Congreve's Study of the Law, and produced an excellent Comedy. In the Year 1693, the *Old Batchelor* was Acted on the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. The Author in his Dedication of this Comedy to the Lord Clifford, said, *It was with a great deal of Pleasure, that he laid hold on this first Occasion, which, the Accidents of his Life had given him, of writing to his Lordship.* He proceeds to acknowledge the Obligations he had to his Lordship and his Family. The sincerest Gratitude, being one of Mr. Congreve's most remarkable Accomplishments, in all Instances of Life, whether Public or Private. The *Prologue* to the *Old Batchelor* was spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Barry*, who thus represents the Poet's Case,

As a rash Girl, who will all Hazards run,
And be Enjoy'd, tho' sure to be undone;

Soon

William Congreve Esq;

3

Soon as her Curiosity——is over,
Would give the World she could her Toy recover:
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your Ends, and damn 'em when you've
done.

The Moral of this Play, as summ'd up in
the Simile of a Cart-Horse, is extreemly en-
tertaining.

With gaudy Plumes, and jingling Bells made
Proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud,
A Morning Sun his Tinsell'd Harness gilds,
But, Oh——
What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life!
(Our Sun declining) with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load, a Wife?
All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run;
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.

This Comedy was acted with universal Ap-
plause, and usher'd into the World with several
Copies of Verses, suitable to its Merit; tho'
Mr. Congreve when he wrote it, was not
nineteen Years of Age, and about one and
twenty when it was brought on the Stage.

The next Year 1694, The *Double Dealer*
was Acted on the same Theatre. This Co-

4 *Memoirs of the Life of*

medy was dedicated to the Lord *Hallifax*. His Patron's fine Taste is most elegantly describ'd : *For*, says Mr. *Congreve* to him, *I think I don't speak improperly when I call you a Lover of Poetry ; for it is very well known, she has been a very kind Mistress to you ; she has not deny'd you the last Favour ; and she has been very fruitful to you in a most beautiful Issue.* In this Address, our Poet likewise examines some malevolent Objections brought against this Comedy, and thus sums up the Evidence very concisely ; *It may be found*, says he, *that my Criticks have mistaken Cunning in one Character **, for Folly in || another.

But there is one Thing, at which I am more concern'd, than all the false Criticisms that are made upon me ; and that is, some of the Ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it ; for I declare, I would rather disoblige all the Criticks in the World than one of the Fair Sex. They are concern'd that I have represented some Women Vicious and Affected: How can I help it ? They who are Virtuous or Discreet should not be offended, for such Characters as these, distinguish them ; and make their Beauties more shining and observed. And they who are of the other kind,

* *Maskwell.*

|| *Mellefont.*

William Congreve *Esq;*

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may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeas'd, or touch'd with the Satire of this Comedy. Thus have they also wrongfully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, when I have in reality done them a Service.

The *Prologue* was likewise spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, but the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Mountfort*. This Comedy closes with a just Moral,

Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd, &c. *

Both these Plays were honour'd with the Royal Presence of the incomparable Queen *MARY*, which occasion'd the following Verses, on her Majesty's seeing the *former*, after the *latter*.

By this repeated Act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus Honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival antient Theaters.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers' Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:

* Pag. 37. see more on this Topic.

For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens* seen
So fair a *Circle*, and so bright a *QUEEN*.

But these *Halcyon* Days were soon o'ercast,
by the Setting of our glorious Sun; for the
Close of the Year 1694, depriv'd us of that
immortal Princess: Upon whose Death, Mr.
Congreve has given us one of the finest *Pastorals*
extant in the *English* Tongue.

The Portrait of her Majesty, whom he
shadows under the Name of *PASTORA*,
is, in my Opinion, beyond any thing to be
found among the *Ancients*.

O she was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind,
Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight;
Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours
yield,
And op'ning, is with sweetest Odours fill'd.
As lofty *Pines* o'ertop the lowly *Reed*,
So did her graceful Height, all Nymphs exceed;
To which excelling Height, she bore a Mind
Humble as *Osiers*, bending to the Wind.
Thus excellent she was ———
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more.
Help me ye Hills, and Vallies, to deplore.

William Congreve *Esq;*

7

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

The next Year 1695, the Stage-Factions grew so high, that the Company divided, and Mr. *Betterton* being the most injur'd Person, Mr. *Congreve* the more stedfastly adher'd to him and his Party, and accordingly gave them the Comedy of *Love for Love*, to open the New Theatre, which Mr. *Betterton* had made out of the Tennis-Court, in *Portugal-Row*, in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. It had a greater Run than either of the former Plays, and was dedicated to the Earl of *Dorset*. As Mr. *Congreve* before prov'd my Lord *Halifax* a most successful *Lover* in *Poetry*, he now, as judiciously, confers the *Laurel* on his present Patron. *Whoever is King*, says he, *is also the Father of his Country*; and as nobody can dispute your Lordship's Monarchy in *Poetry*; so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge your universal Patronage: And it is only presuming on the Privilege of a loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of Thanks to your Lordship; which, at the same time, includes a Prayer for your Protection.

A Prologue suited to the Occasion of the Stage-Differences, was spoken by Mr. *Betterton*, who thus address'd the Audience:

B 4

As

As Nature gave the *World* to *Man's* first Age,
So from your Bounty, we receive this *Stage*, &c.

The *Epilogue* was spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, to the same Purpose, founded on the agreeable Simile of *Pythagoras's* Doctrine concerning *Transmigration*; for, says she,

Methinks we *Players* resemble such a *Soul*,
That, does from *Bodies*, We from *Houses* strole:
Thus *Aristotle's* Soul, of Old that was,
May now be doom'd to animate an *Ass*;
Or in this very House, for aught we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some *Beau*.
And thus our Audience, which did once resort
To shining Theaters, to see our Sport,
Now find us tost into a *Tennis-Court*.
Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it ———
And some here know, I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do without your Favour.

Our Poet, in this Comedy, has fixt the Constancy on the Male-side of the Question, thus pronouncing, in favour of the Man of Honour,

The Miracle to-day is, that we find
A *Lover* True: Not that a *Woman's* Kind.

Mr.

Mr. Congreve's next Performance, was, *The Mourning Bride*, a Tragedy; which was likewise Acted in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1697, and Dedicated to Princess *ANNE* of *Denmark*. Herein he tells his Royal Patroness, that *this Poem constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to her Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring, says he, to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence. 'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.*

The *Prologue* was spoken by Mr. *Betterton*, wherein he assures the Audience, that in this Piece,

To Please and Move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart, &c.

The *Epilogue* was spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, who dismiss'd the Audience in good Humour, and the Fault-finders with this just Sarcastm:

Cri-

Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
 That *Surgeons* wait on Trials in a Court;
 For Innocence Condemn'd they've no respect,
 Provided they've a Body to Dissect.
 As *Sussex* Men, that dwell upon the Shore,
 Look out when Storms arise and Billows roar,
 Devoutly praying with uplifted Hands,
 That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands,
 To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
 And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
 So *Criticks* throng to see a New Play split,
 And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
 Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws,
 And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause,
 With whom he hopes this Play will Favour find,
 Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.

The Moral of this Tragedy is wound up
 by *Alonso*, who thus addresses *Garcia*.

Let us, who thro' our Innocence survive,
 Still in the Paths of Honour persevere,
 And not, from past, or present Ills despair:
 For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
 And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

In the Year 1698, Mr. *Congreve's* four
 Plays were attack'd from the Press, by Mr.
Collier,

Collier, in his *View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. To which, Mr. Congreve gave a very just Reprehension, as will be found in the following Papers.

The last of Mr. Congreve's Plays, brought upon the Stage, was, *The Way of the World*. This Comedy was also perform'd by Mr. Betterton's Company, in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, dedicated to the Earl of Montagu. *Whatever Value, says he, may be wanting to this Play, while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it when it is once become your Lordship's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my Dedication, than your Lordship will dignify it by your Patronage.*

The unkind Reception this excellent Comedy met with, was truly the Cause of Mr. Congreve's just Resentment; and upon which, I have often heard him declare, that he had form'd a strong Resolution never more to concern himself with Dramatical Writings. But before we pursue this ungrateful Topic any farther, (tho' the mention of it in this Place was absolutely necessary, in order to do his Memory Justice) we will take a short View of this Comedy.

The *Prologue* was spoken by Mr. Betterton, and the Sentiments of the Players were these :
Some

Some *Plot* we think he *has*, and some new *Thought*;
 Some *Humour* too, no *Farce*; but that's a *Fault*.
Satire he thinks, you ought not to expect;
 For so reform'd a Town, who dares correct?

The *Epilogue* was spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, who, addressing herself to a certain Part of the Audience, fairly tells them,

There are some Criticks so with Spleen diseas'd,
 They scarcely come Inclining to be pleas'd :
 And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,
 Who pleases any one against his Will.
 Then all bad Poets we are sure are Foes,
 And how their Number's swell'd, the Town well
 knows.

In Shoals I've mark'd 'em, judging in the Pit ;
 Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
 But that they have been damn'd for want of Wit. }

The Moral of the Play is thus summ'd up.

From hence, let those be warn'd, who mean to
 Wed ;

Left *mutual Falshood* stain the Bridal Bed :

For each Deceiver to his Cost may find,

That *Marriage Frauds* too oft are paid in *Kind*.

The

The Critical Incapacity of the poor Wretches, who pretended to find fault with the *Way of the World*, is very justly reprehended by Mr. Congreve himself; for he tells his Patron, the Earl of Montagu, that *but little of this Play was prepar'd for that general Taste, which seems now to be predominant in the Palates of our Audience. Those Characters, adds he, which are meant to be ridicul'd in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that, in my humble Opinion, they should rather disturb, than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.*

We now come to *The Judgment of PARIS.*

The CHORUS of the Three Goddesses, in this *Masque*, (*Venus, Pallas, and Juno*) who each cry out,

Hither turn Thee, gentle Swain, &c.

Makes the Sentiments *Paris* pronounces, appear inimitably beautiful, *viz.*

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title sure never was try'd.

United

Memoirs of the Life of

United your Beauties so dazzle the Sight;
 That lost in Amaze,
 I giddily gaze,
 Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

Apart let me view then *each* Heav'nly Fair,
 For *Three* at a time there's no Mortal can bear;
 And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,
 When *each* is undrest,
 I'll judge of the best,
 For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

Every Word in this Masque is Music, and
Juno's Song, *Let Ambition fire thy Mind, &c.*
 renders it immortal.

At length this un-answerable Plea, obtains
 the *Apple* from *Paris*.

VENUS rules the *GODS* above,
LOVE rules them, and *SHE* rules Love.

In the Year 1710, he publish'd *SEMELE*,
 an Opera, (never perform'd, but excellently
 set to Music, by his Friend Mr. *John Eccles*)
 form'd upon this *Story*, viz. ' After *Jupiter's*
 ' Amour with *Europa*, he again incenses *Juno*,
 ' by a new Affair, in the same Family,
 ' with *Semele*, Neice to *Europa*. The Nup-
 ' tials of *Semele*, being about to be solem-
 ' niz'd with *Athamas*; *Jupiter*, by ill Omens,
 ' inter-

' interrupts the Ceremony; and afterwards,
' transports *Semele* to a private Abode prepar'd
' for her. *Juno*, after many Contrivances,
' at length assumes the Stage, and the Voice
' of *Ino*, Sister to *Semele*, by the help of
' which Disguise and artful Insinuations, she
' contrives her utter Ruin.

Semele being discover'd sleeping in an
Apartment of her Palace, *Cupid* thus sings.

See, after the Toils of an Amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd still panting she
lies;
While yet in her Mind, she repeats the Delight,
How sweet is the Slumber that steals on her
Eyes! &c.

Having gone through all Mr. Congreve's
Plays, we come next to his *Miscellaneous*
Poems, for,

By no one Measure bound, his Numbers range,
And unresolv'd in Choice, delight in Change.

This Volume is Dedicated, in an elegant
Poetical Epistle, to the Earl of *Halifax*, con-
cluding thus,

The

The Honours which from Verse their Source
 derive,
 Shall both surmount Detraction, and survive:
 And Poets have unquestion'd Right to claim,
 If not the Greatest, the most Lasting Name.

This Collection opens with his fine *Pastoral*, on the Death of Queen *MART*, (before mention'd) and his next Piece, is an *ODE* on the taking of *Namure*, thus painting the Immortal King *WILLIAM*.

WILLIAM alone, my feeble Voice can raise;
 What Voice so weak; that cannot sing his Praise?
 The list'ning World, each Whisper will befriend
 That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend, &c.

There are many other fine Pieces in this Collection *; but what I shall next observe, is, his *Pastoral* on the Death of the Marquis of *Blanford*, (only Son of the Duke of *Marlborough*, who died of the Small-Pox, at *Cambridge*, and lies interr'd in *King's-College* Chapel) He is shadow'd in this *Pastoral*, under the Name of *Amyntas*, whom thus the Poet most pathetically explores.

* The Birth of the *Muse*. Select Translations from *Homer*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Ovid*, &c.

To mourn thy Fall, I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endless Night:
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankless shines, that shews not thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good, and
Young?

The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue:
Did ever Branch so sweet a Blossom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear so fair?
Did ever Youth so far his Years transcend?
Did ever Life so immaturally end?
For Thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future Praise:
For thee the busy Nymphs stript ev'ry Grove,
And Myrtle Wreaths, and Flow'ry Chaplers wove.
But now, ah dismal Change! The tuneful Throng,
To loud Lamentings, turn the chearful Song.
Their pleasing Task, the weeping Virgins leave,
And with unfurnish'd Garlands, strew thy Grave.
There let me fall; there, there, lamenting lie,
There grieving, grow to Earth, despair and die.

This *PASTORAL*, Mr. Congreve inscrib'd to the late Earl of Godolphin. To whom also, he address'd a *Pindarick ODE*, thus reciting his Lordship's noble Endowments:

C

Whe-

Whether, thy Days and Nights are spent
 In Cares, on Public-Good intent;
 Or whether leisure Hours invite
 To Manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;
 In Courts residing, or to Plains retir'd,
 Where gen'rous Steeds contest, with Emulation,
 fir'd.

This fine Allusion, is to the great Pleasure
 his Lordship took in the *Horse-Races* at *New-*
market, where he built himself a very elegant
 Sporting-Seat.

Thus, thou *Godolphin*, dost with *Marlbro'* strive,
 From whose joint Toils, we Rest derive:
 Triumph in Wars abroad, his Arm assures;
 Sweet Peace at Home, thy Care secures.

Mr. *Congreve*, in his *ODE* to the late
QUEEN, on the victorious Progress of
 her Majesty's Arms, under the Conduct of
 the Duke of *Marlborough*, has this beautiful
 Invocation!

Rise, fair *Augusta*, lift thy Head,
 With golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn;
 Come forth, as comes from *Tithon's* Bed,
 With chearful Ray, the ruddy Morn.

Thy

Thy lovely Form, and fresh reviving State,
 In crystal Flood of *Thames* survey;
 Then blest thy better Fate:
 Bless *ANNA*'s most auspicious Sway.
 While distant Realms, and neighb'ring Lands,
 Arm'd Troops, and hostile Bands
 On ev'ry side molest,
 Thy happier Clime is free,
 Fair *CAPITAL* of Liberty;
 And Plenty knows, and Days of *Halcyon* Rest.

After his *Royal Mistress*, he thus records
 the *Duke*:

Cou'd but thy Voice of *Bleinheim* sing,
 And with Success that Song pursue;
 What Art could aid thy weary Wing,
 To keep the Victor still in view?
 For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant Flight,
 Nor sets but with impartial Ray,
 To all who want his Light,
 Alternately transfers the Day:
 So in the glorious Round of Fame,
 Great *Marlbro'* still the same,
 Incessant runs his Course;
 To Climes remote, and near,
 His conqu'ring Arms by turns appear,
 And universal is his Aid and Force.

Many other entertaining Copies of Verses are to be met with in Mr. Congreve's Poems; but the last I shall here take notice of, is his most polite Epistle *Of PLEASING*; address'd to Sir *Richard Temple*, (now Lord *Cobham*) wherein, having justly enumerated the Praises of the *best Poets*, he gives this impartial Censure of the *worst*; including the Snarlers against himself,

Well do they play the careful Critic's Part,
 Instructing doubly by their matchless Art;
 Rules for good Verse they first with pains indite,
 Then shew us what are *bad*, by what *they write*.

Thus have we regularly gone through the Edition of Mr. Congreve's Works, publish'd by himself, in three Volumes *Octavo*, 1710. These do not contain the whole of his Writings, but are only his *Poetical Works*. The Publick are likewise oblig'd to him for several ingenious Pieces in Prose, among the Papers of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. There are also, some *Familiar Letters* of his, and an excellent *Novel*, which we shall subjoin to these Memoirs.

A true State of the Controversy between Mr. *Collier* and Mr. Congreve, is thus given by

William Congreve *Esq;*

21

by himself in the following Letters to his dear Friend *Walter Moyle Esq;*

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Have been told by some, that they should think me very idle, if I threw away any time in taking notice, even of so much of Mr. *Collier's* late Treatise of the *Immorality, &c.* of the *English STAGE*, as related to myself, in respect of some Plays written by me: For that his malicious and strain'd Interpretations of my Words, were so gross and palpable, that any indifferent and unprejudic'd Reader would immediately condemn him upon his own Evidence, and acquit me before I could make my Defence.

On the other hand, I have been tax'd of Laziness, and too much Security in neglecting thus long to do myself a necessary Right, which might be effected with so very little pains; since very little more is requisite in my Vindication, than to represent truly at length those Passages which Mr. *Collier* has shewn imperfectly, and for the most part by halves. I would rather be thought idle than lazy; and so the last Advice prevails with me.

I have no Intention to examine all the Absurdities and Falshoods in Mr. Collier's Book: to use the Gentleman's own Metaphor in his Preface, *An Inventory of such a Ware-House would be a large Work*. My Detection of his Malice and Ignorance, of his Sophistry and vast Assurance, will lie within a narrow compass, and only bear a Proportion to so much of his Book, as concerns myself.

Least of all, would I undertake to defend the Corruptions of the Stage; indeed if I were so inclin'd, Mr. Collier has given me no occasion; for the greater part of those Examples which he has produc'd, are only Demonstrations of his own Impurity, they only favour of his Utterance, and were sweet enough 'till tainted by his Breath.

I will not justify any of my own Errors, I am sensible of many; and if Mr. Collier has by any Accident stumbled on one or two, I will freely give them up to him, *Nullum unquam ingenium placuit sine venia*. But I hope I have done nothing that can deprive me of the Benefit of my Clergy; and tho' Mr. Collier himself were the Ordinary, I may hope to be acquitted,

My

My Intention therefore is to do little else, but to restore those Passages to their primitive Station, which have suffer'd so much in being transplanted by him: I will remove 'em from his Dunghill, and replant 'em in the Field of Nature; and when I have wash'd 'em of that Filth which they have contracted in passing thro' his very dirty Hands, let their own Innocence protect them.

Mr. *Collier*, in the high Vigour of his Obscenity, first commits a Rape upon my Words, and then arraigns them of Immodesty; he has Barbarity enough to accuse the very Virgins that he has deflower'd, and to make sure of their Condemnation, he has himself made them guilty: but he forgets that while he publishes their Shame, he divulges his own.

His Artifice to make Words guilty of Profaneness, is of the same nature; for where the Expression is unblamable in its own clear and genuine Signification, he enters into it himself, like the evil Spirit; he possesses the innocent Phrase, and makes it bellow forth his own Blasphemies; so *that one would think the Muse was Legion*, p. 81.

To reprimand him a little in his own Words, if these Passages produc'd by Mr. Collier are obscene and profane, *Why were they rak'd in and disturb'd, unless it were to conjure up Vice, and revive Impurities? Indeed Mr. Collier has a very untoward way with him; his Pen has such a Libertine Stroke, that 'tis a question whether the Practice or Reproof be the more licentious.*

He teaches those Vices he would correct, and writes more like a Pimp than a Parson. Since the Business must be undertaken, why was not the Thought blanch'd, the Expression made remote, and the ill Features cast into Shadows? p. 70, 71. So far from this, which is his own Instruction in his own Words, is Mr. Collier's way of proceeding, that he has blacken'd the Thoughts with his own *Smut*; the Expression that was remote, he has brought nearer; and lest by being brought near, its native Innocence might be more visible, he has frequently varied it, he has new-molded it, and stamp'd his own Image on it; so that it is at length become current Deformity, and fit to be paid into the Devil's Exchequer.

I will therefore take the Liberty to exorcise this evil Spirit, and whip him out of my

my Plays, where-ever I can meet with him. Mr. Collier has revers'd the Story which he relates from *Tertullian*, p. 257. and after his Visitation of the Play-House, returns, having left the Devil behind him.

If I do not return his Civilities in calling him Names, it is because I am not very well vers'd in his *Nomenclatures*; therefore for his *Foot-Pads*, which he calls us in his Preface, and for his *Buffoons* and *Slaves in the Saturnalia*, which he frequently bestows on us in the rest of his Book, p. 81, 63, 175. I will only call him Mr. Collier, and that I will call him, as often as I think he shall deserve it. And I will always call myself,

Your most Oblig'd

July 14, 1697.

Humble Servant

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

LETTER II.

SIR,

BEfore I proceed against Mr. Collier, for Method's sake, I must premise some few things,

First,

First, I desire I may lay down ARISTOTLE'S Definition of Comedy; which has been the Compass whereby all the Comic Poets, since his time, have steer'd their Course. I mean those whom Mr. Collier so very frequently calls Comedians; for the Distinction between Comicus and Comædus, and Tragicus and Tragædus, is what he has not met with in the long Progress of his Reading.

Comedy (says Aristotle) is an Imitation of the worse sort of People. Μίμησις φαυλοτέρων, *imitatio pejorum*. He does not mean the worse sort of People in respect to their Quality, but in respect to their Manners. This is plain, from his telling you immediately after, that he does not mean Κατὰ πᾶσαν κακίαν, relating to all kinds of Vice: there are Crimes too daring and too horrid for Comedy. But the Vices most frequent, and which are the common Practice of the looser sort of Livers, are the Subject Matter of Comedy. He tells us farther, that they must be expos'd after a ridiculous manner: For Men are to be laugh'd out of their Vices in Comedy; the Business of Comedy is to delight, as well as to instruct: And as vicious People are made ashamed of their Follies or Faults, by seeing them expos'd in a ridiculous manner,

so are good People at once both warn'd and diverted at their Expence.

Thus much I thought necessary to premise, that by shewing the Nature and End of Comedy, we are prepared to expect Characters agreeable to it.

Secondly, Since Comic Poets are oblig'd by the Laws of Comedy, and to the intent that Comedy may answer its true End and Purpose above-mention'd, to represent vicious and foolish Characters : in consideration of this, I desire that it may not be imputed to the Persuasion or private Sentiments of the Author, if at any time one of these vicious Characters in any of his Plays shall behave himself foolishly, or immorally in Word or Deed. I hope I am not yet unreasonable; it were very hard that a Painter should be believ'd to resemble all the ugly Faces that he draws.

Thirdly, I must desire you, not to consider any Expression or Passage cited from any Play, as it appears in Mr. *Collier's* Book; nor to pass any Sentence or Censure upon it, out of its proper Scene, or alienated from the Character by which it is spoken; for in that place alone, and in

in his Mouth alone, can it have its proper and true-Signification.

I cannot think it reasonable, because Mr. *Collier* is pleas'd to write one Chapter of *Immodesty*, and another of *Profaneness*, that therefore every Expression traduc'd by him under those Heads, shall be condemn'd as obscene and profane immediately, and without any farther Enquiry. Perhaps Mr. *Collier* is acquainted with the *deceptio visus*, and presents Objects to the view thro' a stain'd Glass; things may appear seemingly profane, when in reality they are only seen through a profane *Medium*, and the true Colour is dissembled by the help of a sophistical Varnish: Therefore I demand the Privilege of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, that the Prisoners may have Liberty to remove, and to appear before a just Judge in an open and uncounterfeit Light.

Fourthly, Because Mr. *Collier*, in his Chapter of the *Profaneness* of the *Stage*, has founded great part of his Accusation upon the Liberty which Poets take of using some Words in their Plays, which have been sometimes employed by the Translators of the Holy Scriptures; I desire that the following Distinction may be admitted, *viz.* That when Words are apply'd to sacred Things, and
with

with a purpose to treat of sacred things; they ought to be understood accordingly: But when they are otherwise apply'd, the Diversity of the Subject gives a Diversity of Signification. And in truth, he might as well except against the common Use of the Alphabet in Poetry, because the same Letters are necessary to the spelling of Words, which are mention'd in Sacred Writ.

Though I have thought it requisite, and but reasonable to premise these few things, to which, as to so many *Postulata*, I may, when occasion offers, refer myself; yet if there should be any Objection to the Latitude, which at first sight they may seem to comprehend, I dare venture to assure you that may be remov'd by the Caution which I shall use, and those Limits by which I shall restrain myself, when I shall judge it proper for me to refer to them.

It may not be impertinent to take notice of a very common Expedient, which is made use of to recommend the *Instruction* of our *Plays*; which is this: After the Action of the Play is over, and the Delight of the Representation at an end, there is generally care taken, that the *Moral* of the whole shall be summ'd up, and deliver'd to the Audience, in the very last and concluding

Lines

Lines of the Poem. The Intention of this is, that the Delight of the Representation may not so strongly possess the Minds of the Audience, as to make them forget or oversee the Instruction: It is the last thing said, that it may make the last Impression; and it is always comprehended in a few Lines, and put into Rhime, that it may be easy and engaging to the Memory.

Mr. Collier divides his Charge against the Stage into these four Heads; 1. *Immodesty*, 2. *Profaneness*, 3. *Abuse of the Clergy*, and 4. *Encouragement of Immorality*.

I have yet written but four poor Plays; and this Author, out of a particular Favour to me, has found the means to accuse 'em every one; of one, or more, of these four Crimes. I will examine each in its turn, by his Citations; and in my next, begin with the Plays in the order that they were written.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

LET

LETTER III.

SIR,

MR. COLLIER, in his Chapter of the *Immodesty* of the *Stage*, has not made any Quotation from my *Comedies*: But in general, finds fault with the Lightness of some Characters. He mentions slightly, and I think, without any Accusation, p. 10, 12. *Belinda*, in the *Old Batchelor*, and *Miss Prue*, in *Love for Love*. *Miss Prue*, he says, is represented *silly to screen her Impudence*, which amounts to this Confession, that *Women when they have their Understandings about them, ought to converse otherwise*, p. 11. I grant it; this is in truth the Moral of the Character. If Mr. Collier would examine still at this rate, we should agree very well. *Belinda* he produces as a Character *under Disorders of Liberty*, p. 12. This last is what I do not understand, and therefore desire to be excused, if I can make no Answer to it. I only refer these two Characters to the Judgment of any impartial Reader, to determine whether they are represented so as to engage any Spectator to imitate the Impudence of one, or the Affectation of the other; and whether they are not both ridiculed rather than recommended.

But

But he proceeds, p. 12. *The Double Dealer* is particularly remarkable; *There are but four Ladies in this Play, and three of the biggest of them are Whores.* These are very *big Words*; very much too *big* for the Sense, for to say *three of the biggest*, when there are but four in number, is stark Nonsense: Whatever the *Matter* may be in the Gentleman's Book, I perceive his *Stile* at least is admirable.

Well, suppose he had said—and the three biggest, &c. for I am sure he cannot part with *biggest*, he has occasion to use it so often in the rest of his Book. But mark, he gives us an instance of his *big* good Breeding. *A great Compliment to Quality, to tell them, there is not above a quarter of them honest!* This Computation I suppose he makes by the help of political Arithmetick. As thus, the Stage is the Image of the World; by the Men and Women represented there, are signified all the Men and Women in the World; so that if four Women are shewn upon the Stage, and three of them are vicious, it is as much as to say, that three parts in four of the whole Sex are stark naught. He who dares be so hardy as to gain-say this Argument, let him do it; for my part, I love to meddle with my Match. It was a mercy that all the four Women were not naught;

naught; for that had been maintaining that there was not one Woman of Quality honest. What has *Virgil* to answer for at this rate, in his *Aeneis*? Where, for two of the Fair Sex that do good, viz. *Venus* and the *Sibyll*, (for *Cybele* and *Andromache* are but Well-wishers) he has the following Catalogue, who are always engag'd in Mischiefs, *Juno*, *Juturna*, *Dido*, her Sister, her Nurse, an old Witch, *Alecto* the Fury, all the *Harpies*; to these you are reminded of *Helen* the first Incendiary, *Sylvia* is produced as a Second, next *Camilla*, then *Amata*, who despised the Decrees of the Gods; nay, poor *Creusa*, and *Lavinia*, are made subservient to unfortunate Events. This is *Bossu's* Remark, (in his Treatise of *Epic Poetry*, B. IV. C. 2.) and he says that *Virgil* in the Characters of the Sex, has closely observed the Rule of *Aristotle*, who in his Treatise of Poetry, has ventur'd to affirm, That there are more bad than good Women in the World, and that they do more harm than good.

In an *Epic Poem*, Ladies of Quality may be used as *Aristotle* pleases; but Comedy was meant to compliment, and tickle, and flatter, and all that, as Mr. *Bays* has it.

D

Here

Here I take the first Liberty to refer to my first Proposition. Mr. Collier, who talks with great Intimacy of *Antient and Modern Critics*, p. 175. and among others, makes familiar mention of *Rapin*, has unluckily overseen a particular Remark that is made by that learned Critic, on the Improvement of *modern Comedy* by *Moliere*, in his raising his ridiculous Characters. If he does not know where to find it, I can help him to it.

The ancient Comic Poets, have none but Valets for the Droles of their Theatre; and the Droles of *Moliere's* Theatre are Marquisses, and others of Quality: The others have played in Comedy, only City and Common-Life; and *Moliere* has played all *Paris*, Court and all. See, *Rapin's* Reflections upon Poetry, &c.

Well, this may be the *French*, and it may be the *English* Breeding; but Mr. Collier assures us, p. 12. *This was not the Roman Breeding*. They used to compliment Vice in Quality, the genteel *Persius* (SAT. 1.) gives us an Instance of it.

Vos

Here

*Vos ô Patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
Occipiti cæco, postica occurrere sanna. **

But *Persius* was a Man of Quality, and perhaps might be a little familiar with his Equals. As for *Juvenal*, (SAT. XI.) he kept his Distance, and made it as plain as the Sun.

*Namque ibi fortune veniam damus. Alea turpis
Turpe & adulterium mediocribus: hæc eadem illi
Omnia cum faciant, hilares, nitidique vocantur. †*

I am finely employed, to furnish my Adversary with two such Authorities against myself: But reflecting that Mr. *Collier* has no great Esteem for *Juvenal*, who, he says, *writes more like a Pimp than a Poet*, p. 71. 'tis likely that he will return me his Au-

* — Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood, &c.

DRYDEN.

† — Fortune — extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in Me, is only Mirth in Him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A Vestal ravish'd, or a Matron whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a Lord.

CONGREGATE.

thority, to make the best Use that I can of it for my self; therefore I will take the Liberty to state a short Question.

Juvenal, by the help of an *Irony*, has in these three Lines, lash'd the Vices of great Persons with more Severity, than he could have done by the means of a direct and point-blank *Invective*. *Mr. Collier* is in plain Terms, *p. 12.* for having Compliments pass'd on Persons of Quality, and neither will allow their Follies nor their Vices to be expos'd. *p. 173, 175.* Now the Question that I would ask, is only, Which agrees best with the Character of a *Pimp*, the Satire of *Juvenal*, or the Complaisance of *Mr. Collier*? In the Conclusion of his Preface, he is quite of another Opinion; there he confesses he has no Ceremony for Debauchery, for to compliment Vice, is but one remove from worshipping the Devil. Now that *Mr. Collier* compliments Vice is plain; *Ergo, &c.*

This is his own Confession, and so I leave him to lick himself whole with one of his own Absolutions.

When Vice shall be allowed as an Indication of Quality and good Breeding, then it may also pass for a Piece of good Breeding

ing to compliment Vice in Quality : But till then, I humbly conceive, that to expose and ridicule it, will altogether do as well.

The *Double-Dealer* (he says) p. 27. runs riot upon some Occasion or other, and gives Lord Touchwood a Mixture of Smut and Pedantry to conclude with : For Proof of this, he directs in his Margin to the 79th Page, which is the last of the Play. He has made no Quotation, therefore I will do it for him, and transcribe what Lord Touchwood says in that place, being the concluding Lines and Moral of the whole Comedy. *Millefont* and *Cynthia* are to be married, the Villanies of *Maskwell* having been detected, Lord Touchwood gives 'em Joy, and then concludes the Play as follows,

Lord Touch.—*be each other's Comfort ;—
let me join your Hands.—unwearied Nights,
and wishing Days attend you both ; mutual
Love, lasting Health, and circling Joys tread
round each happy Tear of your long Lives.*

*Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd ;
Howe'er, in private, Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth :
Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treach'ry lies,
Still gnawing that whence first it did arise ;
No sooner born but the vile Parent dies.*

D 3

This,

This, in Mr. Collier's polite Phrase, is *running riot upon Smut and Pedantry*. I hope this is some reason for my having laid down my *third* Proposition; where I desire you not to rely upon Mr. Collier's bare Word, but to consult the Original e'er you pass Censure.

Before he finishes his Chapter of *Immodesty*, he taxes the *Mourning-Bride* with *Smut* and *Profaneness*; if he can prove it, I must of necessity give up the Cause. If there be *Immodesty* in that Tragedy, I must confess myself incapable of ever writing any thing with *Modesty* or *Decency*.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

S I R,

I Shall now consider the Exceptions to the *Mourning-Bride*. Had *Osmin*, says Mr. Collier, parted with *Almeria* civilly, it had been much better; that rant of *Smut* and *Profaneness* might have been spared, p. 32, 33, 34. What he means by *civilly*, I know not, unless he means *dully* and *insensibly*; neither
Civility

Civility nor Incivility have any thing to do with Passion; where a Scene is wrought to an Excess of Tenderness and Grief, there is no room for either Rudeness or Complaisance. Mr. Collier is pleas'd to condemn the parting of *Osmin* and *Almeria*, by comparing it with the meeting of *Menelaus* and *Helen*; but I must take the liberty to tell him, that *meeting* and *parting* are two Things, and especially between two Lovers. Now for the rant of *Smut* and *Profaneness*,

Osmin. O my *Almeria*!

What do the Damn'd endure but to despair,

But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever.

I will not here so much as refer myself to my third Proposition, nor desire you to trouble yourself so far as to look on these Lines in their proper Scene and Place, tho' most of the foregoing Incidents in the Poem were contrived so as to prepare the Violence of this Scene; and all the foregoing part of this Scene was laid as a Gradation of Passion, to prepare the Violence of these Expressions, the last and most extream of the whole, in *Osmin's* Part.

For once, I will let these Lines remain as they are set by Mr. Collier, with his own filthy Foil beneath, hem'd in, and sullied o-

ver with his own *Smut*. And still what is there either of *Profaneness* or *Immodesty* in the Expression? Is not the Reflection rather *moral* and *religious* than otherwise? Does not the Allusion set forth the Terrors of Damnation? I dare affirm that Mr. *Collier* himself cannot so transpose those Words as to make 'em signify any thing either *smutty* or *profane*: What he may be able to do with the Letters if they were disjointed, I know not; I will not dispute his Skill in *Anagram*; and if the Truth were known, I believe there lies the Stress of his Proof. Well, Mr. *Saygrace*, in the *Double-Dealer*, is beholden to him for his new Amusement, for the future he shall renounce *Acrosticks*, and pursue *Anagrams*.

As to what he says after, that these Verses are a Similitude drawn from the *Creed*; I no more *understand* it, than he himself would *believe* it, tho' he should *affirm* it.

In the rest of his Remarks upon this Scene, his *Zeal* gives way to his *Criticism*; he had but an ill hold of *Profaneness*, and was reduc'd to catch at the *Poetry*. The Corruption of a rotten Divine is the Generation of a sour Critic.

He

He is very merry, and as he supposes, with me; in laughing at *wasting Air*. *Wasting* he thinks is a senseless *Epithet* for *Air*; truly I think so too, I will not lose this Occasion of consenting with him, because he will not afford me many more: But where does he meet with *wasting Air*? Not in the *Mourning-Bride*; for in that Play it is printed *wasting Air*, so that all his aukward Raillery about this Word, reflects alone upon himself: To say nothing of his Honesty in making a false Quotation, or of his becoming Assurance in charging me with his own Nonsense.

He proceeds in his unlucky and satirical Strain, and ridicules half a dozen Epithets, and about as many Figures, which follow in the same Scene, with much delicacy of fine Raillery, excellence of good Manners, and elegancy of Expression.

Almeria, in the Play, oppress'd and sinking beneath her Grief, adapts her Words to her Posture, and says to *Osmin* —

—Q let us not support,
But sink each other lower yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, &c.

One

One would think (says Mr. Collier) she was learning a Spaniel to set.

Learning a Spaniel to set! *Delectus verborum est Origo eloquentiae*, is an Aphorism of Julius Caesar, and Mr. Collier makes it plain. This poor Man does not so much as understand even his own Dog-Language, when he says learning, I suppose he means teaching, a Spaniel to set; a dainty Critic, indeed!

A little before, Almeria is cold, faint, and trembling in her Agony, and says,

—I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears,

By the way (says Mr. Collier, for now he is Mr. Collier emphatically) 'tis a mighty Wonder to hear a Woman chatter! But there is no Jestings, &c.

Jesting quotha! What, does he take the letting off a Pun, to be the breaking of a Jest? A Whip and a Bell, and away with him to Kennel again immediately.

Ay, now he's in his Element, as you shall hear.

This

This litter of Epithets makes the Poem look like a Bitch over-stock'd with Puppies, and sucks the sense almost to Skin and Bone. The Comparison is handsome, I must needs say; but I desire you to consider that it is Mr. Collier the Critic that talks at this odd rate; not Mr. Collier the Divine: I would not, by any means, have *one* mistaken for the *other*.

If it is necessary for me to give any Reason, why I have used Epithets and Figures in this Scene, I will do it in few Words. First I desire my Verses may be remov'd from amongst Mr. Collier's Interlineations of sad Drollery, and reinstated in the Scene of the Play from whence they were torn. If there is found Passion in those parts of the Scene where those Epithets and Figures are used, they will stand in need of no Vindication; for every body knows that Discourses of Men in Passion, naturally abound in Epithets and Figures, in Aggravations and Hyperboles. To this, I add, That the Diction of Poetry consists of Figures; by the frequent use of bold and daring Figures, it is distinguish'd from Prose and Oratory. Epithets are beautiful in Poetry, but make Prose languishing and cold; and the frequent use of them in Prose, makes it pretend too much, and approach too near to Poetry, *Arist. Rhet. B. III. C. 3.*
If

If Figures and Epithets are natural to Passion, and if they compose the Diction of Poetry, certainly Tragedy, which is of the sublime and first-rate Poetry, and which ought every where to abound in *Passion*, may very well be allow'd to use Epithets and Figures, more especially in a Scene consisting entirely of Passion, and still more particularly in the most violent part of that Scene. Thus much, to justify the use and frequency of Epithets and Figures in the Scene above-mention'd. Ay, but Mr. *Collier* says some of the Figures there, *are Stiff*: He says so, I confess; but what then? Why, in answer, I say, *they are not*; and so leave it to be determin'd by better Judges.

Having shewn that Men in Passion, naturally make use of violent Figures and Epithets; I will produce no less a Man than Mr. *Collier* himself for an Example: If you would behold the Gentleman beginning to swell, see him in *p. 80.* there he puffs and blows, and deals mightily in short Periods: At first he is scarce able to Breathe, but at length he Opens; and anon finds vent for a very odd Expression. He is angry with some Play or other, and says, — *Nature made the ferment and rising of the Blood, for such Occasions.* I hope he speaks Figuratively, or else I am sure he speaks at least Profanely; for

for we know who is meant by *Nature in the Language of Christianity, and especially under the Notion of a Maker, p. 72.*

He discovers in this Expression, that his Religion and his Natural Philosophy are both of a Size. He has declared the very Source of Living, and the Spring of Motion in the mechanical Part of Man, to be no more than the Fountain-head of Follies and Passions; and intimates very strongly, That *Nature* made it only for that Purpose.

But I think nothing that he says, should be consider'd seriously; therefore I will proceed, and produce Mr. *Collier* as he stands advanc'd both in *Ferment and Figure*. In p. 84. he has drawn Quotations from Comedies, *that look Reeking as it were from Pandemonium, and almost smell of Fire and Brimstone; Eruptions of Hell with a witness! He almost wonders the Smoke of them has not darkned the Sun, and turn'd the Air to Plague and Poison. Provocations enough to arm all Nature in Revenge; to exhaust the Judgments of Heaven, &c.* He goes on with such terrible Stuff for a considerable while together. I give this only as a Sample of some of this Gentleman's Figures.

Mc-

Methinks I hear him pronounce 'em, every time I behold 'em, they are almost noisy and turbulent, even in the Print. In short, they are Contagious, and I find he that will speak of them, is in great danger to speak like them. But why does Mr. Collier use all this Vehemence in a written Argument? If he were to preach, I grant it might be necessary for him to make a Noise, that he might be sure to be heard: But why all this Passion upon Paper? Judgment is never outrageous; and Christianity is ever meek and mild.

I have read it somewhere, as the Remark of St. Chrysostom, "That the Prophets of God were as much distinguish'd from the Prophets of the Devil by their Behaviour, as by the Divine Truths which they utter'd. The former gave Oracles with all Mildness and Temper; the other were ever bellying with Fury and Madness; no wonder, (says he) for the first were inspir'd with the Holy Ghost; and the last were possess'd with the Devil. So the Reason is plain,

But I have employ'd too much time in digressing from my Purpose, which is chiefly to vindicate myself; and only from casual

sual Observation, to take notice of Mr. Collier's Errors, as they shall appear blazing up and down in those Pages where I am concern'd, or others into which I may dip accidentally, in searching for Expressions cited from my own Plays.

I have done with him in his Chapter of *Immodesty*. You have seen his Charge against the *Mourning-Bride*, and are a Judge of the Justness and Strength of it. I confess, I have not much to say in Commendation of any thing that I have written: But if a fair-dealing Man, or a candid Critic had examin'd that Tragedy, I fancy that neither the general Moral contain'd in the two last Lines; nor the several particular Morals interwoven with the Success of every principal Character, would have been over-seen by him.

The Reward of Matrimonial Constancy in *Almeria*, of the same Virtue, together with filial Piety and Love to his Country in *Osmin*; the Punishment of Tyranny in *Manuel*, of Ambition in *Gonsalez*, of violent Passions and unlawful Love in *Zara*: These, it may be, were Parts of the Poem as worthy to be observ'd, as one or two erroneous Expressions; and admit they were such, might, in some measure, have aton'd for them.

I am, &c.

LET

LETTER V.

S I R,

MR. COLLIER in his *second* Chapter, charges the Stage with *Profaneness*, almost All the Quotations which he has made from my Plays therein, are represented falsely, or by halves; so that I have very little to do in their Vindication, but to represent 'em as they are in the Original, fairly and at length; and to fill up the Blanks which this worthy honest Gentleman has left. *Coll. p. 62.*

In the *Old Batchelor* (says he) Vainlove asks Bellmour, *Could you be content to go to Heaven?*

Bell. *Hum, not immediately, in my Conscience not Heartily; —*

Here Mr. Collier concludes this Quotation with a dash, as if both the Sense and the Words of the whole Sentence, were at an end. But the remainder of it in the Play, *Act 3. Scene 2.* is in these Words — *I would do a little more good in my Generation first, in order to deserve it.*

I think the Meaning of the whole, is very different from the Meaning of the first half of this Expression. 'Tis one Thing for a Man to say positively, *he will not go to Heaven*; and another to say, that *he does not think himself worthy, till he is better prepar'd*. But Mr. Collier undoubtedly was in the right, to take just as much as would serve his own Turn. The Stile of this Expression is light, and suitable to Comedy, and the Character of a wild Debauchee of the Town; but there is a moral Meaning contain'd in it, when it is not represented by halves.

From Scene 3. of the 4th Act of the same Comedy, he makes the following Quotation; *Fondlewife*, a jealous *Puritan*, is oblig'd for some time to be absent from his Wife:

Fond. *Have you thoroughly consider'd how detestable, how heinous, and how crying a Sin the Sin of Adultery is? Have you weigh'd it, I say? For it is a very weighty Sin: And altho' it may lie — yet thy Husband must also bear his Part; for thy Iniquity will fall upon his Head.* Here is another Dash in this Quotation, I refer you to the Play to see what Words Mr. Collier has omitted; and from thence you will guess at the Strength of his Imagination.

E

You

You see this Quotation in the same Condition that Mr. Collier thinks fit to shew it: His Notes upon it are as follow,

This Fit of Buffoonry and Profaneness, was to settle the Conscience of young Beginners, and to make the Terrors of Religion insignificant.

Indeed I cannot hold laughing, when I compare his dreadful *Comment* with such poor silly Words as are in the *Text*: especially when I reflect how *young a Beginner*, and how very much *a Boy* I was, when that Comedy was written; which, several know, was some Years before it was Acted. When I wrote it, I had little Thoughts of the Stage; but did it to amuse my self in a slow Recovery from a Fit of Sickness. Afterwards, through my Indiscretion it was seen; and in some little time more it was Acted: And I, through the Remainder of my Indiscretion, suffer'd my self to be drawn in, to the Prosecution of a difficult and thankless Study; and to be involved in a perpetual War with Knaves and Fools. Which Reflection makes me return to the Subject in hand.

Bellmour desires Lætitia to give him leave to swear by her Eyes and Lips. Well, I am very

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very glad Mr. Collier has so much Devotion for the Lips and Eyes of a pretty Woman, that he thinks it Profanation to swear by 'em. I'll give him up this, if he pleases. To the next;

*He kisses the Strumpet, and tells her—
Eternity was in that Moment.*

To say *Eternity is in a Moment*, is neither Profane nor Sacred, nor good nor bad. With Reverence to my Friend the Author be it spoken, I take it to be stark Nonsense; and I had not cared, if Mr. Collier had discover'd it.

Something or other he saw amiss in it, and writing a Chapter of *Profaneness*, at that time, like little *Bays*, he popt it down for his own.

Letitia, when her Intrigue was like to be discover'd, says of her Lover,

*All my Comfort lies in his Impudence, and
Heav'n be prais'd, he has a considerable
Portion.*

This Mr. Collier calls the *Play-house Grace*. It is the Expression of a wanton and a vicious Character, in the Distress and Confusion

fusion of her Guilt. She is discover'd in her Lewdness, and suffer'd to come no more upon the Stage.

In the End of the last Act, *Sharper* says to *Vain-Love*,

I have been a kind of Godfather to you yonder :

I have promis'd and vow'd some things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

I mean no Ill by this Allegory, nor do I perceive any in it now. *Mr. Collier* says, it was meant for *Drollery* on the *Catechism*; but he has a way of *discovering* *Drollery* where it never was *intended*; and of *intending* *Drollery* where it can never be *discovered*. So much for the *Old Batchelor*, and

Your humble Servant, &c.

LETTER VI.

S I R,

I Come next to the *Double Dealer*, wherein *Mr. Collier* says, *Lady Plyant* cries out *Jesu*, and talks *Smut* in the same Sentence. That

That *Exclamation* I give him up freely. I had myself long since condemn'd it, and resolv'd to strike it out in the next Impression. I will not urge the *Folly, Viciousness,* or *Affectation* of the *Character*, to excuse it; I think myself also oblig'd to make my Acknowledgments for a Letter which I received after the Publication of this Play, relating to this very Passage: It came from an old Gentlewoman and a Widow, as she said, and very well to pass: It contain'd very good Advice, and requir'd an Answer, but the Direction for the Superscription was forgot. If the good Gentlewoman is yet in being, I shall desire her to receive my Thanks for her good Counsel, and for her Approbation of all the Comedy, that Word alone excepted.

That Lady *Plyant* talks *Smut* in the same Sentence, lies yet upon Mr. *Collier* to prove. His bare Assertion without an Instance, is not sufficient. If he can prove that there is downright *Smut* in it, why e'en let him take it for his pains; I am willing to part with it.

His next Objection is, that Sir *Paul*, who he observes, bears the Character of a Fool, makes mention too often of the Word *Providence*; for, says Mr. *Collier*, p. 62. the
E 3 Meaning

Meaning must be (by the way, that must is a little hard upon me) that Providence is a ridiculous Superstition; and that none but Block-heads pretend to Religion. What will it avail me in this place to signify my own *Meaning*, when this modest Gentleman says, *I must mean quite contrary?* I am civilier to him; I take his Sense as he would have it understood; though his Expression is exquisite Nonsense; and I humbly conceive, he may mean, that a *Belief in Providence is a ridiculous Superstition*, when he says, *that Providence is a ridiculous Superstition.*

Lady Froth is pleas'd to call Jchu a Hackney Coachman. (ibid.)

Lady Froth's Words are as follow—*Our Jchu was a Hackney Coachman when my Lord took him.* Which is as much as to say, that the Coachman's Name is *Jehu*: And why might it not be *Jehu* as well as *Jeremy*, or *Abraham*, or *Joseph*, or any other Jewish or Christian Name? *Brisk* desires that this may be put into a marginal Note in Lady Froth's Poem.

This, Mr. Collier says, is meant to burlesque the Text and Comment under one. What Text, or what Comment, or what other earthly Thing he can mean, I cannot

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not possibly imagine? These Remarks are very wise; therefore I shall not fool away any Time about them.

Sir *Paul* tells his Wife, *he finds Passion coming upon him by Inspiration.* P. 64.

The poor Man is troubled with the *Flatus*, his Spleen is puff'd up with Wind; and he is likely to grow very angry and peevish on the sudden; and desires the Privilege to Scold and to give it Vent. The word *Inspiration*, when it has *Divine* prefix'd to it, bears a particular and known Signification: But otherwise, to *inspire* is no more than to *breathe into*; and a Man without Profaneness may truly say, that a Trumpet, a Fife, or a Flute, deliver a Musical Sound, by the help of Inspiration. I refer you to my *fourth* Proposition, in this Case. For a Dispute about this Word, would be very like the Controversy in *Ben. Johnson's Bartholomew Fair*, between the *Rabbi* and the *Puppet*; it is profane, and it is not profane, is all the Argument the Thing will admit of on either side.

The Double Dealer is not yet exhausted. ib.

That is, Mr. *Collier* is not yet exhausted; for to give double Interpretations to single Expressions, with a Design only to lay hold

of the worst, is double-dealing in a great Degree.

Cynthia the top Lady grows thoughtful. *Cynthia* it seems is the top Lady now; not long since, the other three were the three biggest, p. 12. Perhaps the Gentleman speaks as to personal Proportion; *Cynthia* is the tallest, and the other three are the fattest of the four.

Well. *Cynthia is thoughtful, and upon the Question relates her Contemplation.*

Cyn. I am thinking, that tho' Marriage makes Man and Wife one Flesh, it leaves them two Fools.

Here he has filch'd out a little Word so flily, 'tis hardly to be miss'd; and yet without it, the Words bear a very different Signification. The Sentence in the Play is printed thus—*Though Marriage makes Man and Wife one Flesh, it leaves 'em STILL two Fools.* Which by means of that little Word *still*, signifies no more, than that if two People were Fools, before or when they were married, they would continue in all probability to be Fools still, and after they were married. *Ben. Johnson* is much bolder in the first Scene of his *Bartholomew Fair*.
There

There he makes *Littlewit* say to his Wife—
Man and Wife make one Fool; and yet I don't
 think he design'd even that, for a Jest either
 upon *Genesis* ii. or *St. Matthew* xix. I have
 said nothing comparable to that; and yet
 Mr. *Collier* in his Penetration, has thought
 fit to accuse me of nothing less.

Thus I have summ'd up his Evidence a-
 gainst the *Double-Dealer*. I have not thought
 it worth while to cross-examine his Witnes-
 ses very much, because they are generally silly
 enough to detect themselves.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

S I R,

I Am now come to *Love for Love*; in
 which Comedy, Mr. *Collier* observes,
 p. 74. that *Scandal* tells Mrs. *Forefight*, he
 will *die a Martyr rather than disclaim his*
Passion. The word *Martyr* is here used me-
 taphorically to imply Perseverance. *Martyr*
 is a *Greek Word*, and signifies in plain *Eng-*
lish, no more than a *Witness*. A *holy Martyr*,
 or a *Martyr for Religion* is one thing; a *wic-*
ked Martyr, or *Martyr for the Devil* is an-
 other :

other: A Man may be a *Martyr* that is a Witness to Folly, to Error, or Impiety. Mr. Collier is a *Martyr* to Scandal and Falshood quite thro' his Book. This Expression, he says, is dignifying *Adultery* with the *Stile of Martyrdom*; as if any Word could dignify Vice. These are very trifling Cavils, and I think all of this kind may reasonably be refer'd to my *fourth Proposition*.

Jeremy, who was bred at the University, calls the natural Inclinations to Eating and Drinking, Whoreson Appetites. ibid.

Jeremy bred at the University! Who told him so? What *Jeremy* does he mean, *Jeremy Collier*, or *Jeremy Fetch*? The last does not any where pretend to have been bred there. And if the t'other would but keep his own Counsel, and not print *M. A.* on the Title-Page of his Book, he would be no more suspected of such an Education than his Name-sake. *Jeremy* in the *Play*, banters the Coxcomb *Tattle*, and tells him he has been at *Cambridge*: Whereupon *Tattle* replies—*'Tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an University.*

Which is said to expose the Impudence of illiterate Fops, who speak with Contempt of Learning and Universities. For the Word
Whoreson,

Whoreson, I had it from *Shakespear* and *John-son*, who have it very often in their Low Comedies; and sometimes their Characters of some Rank use it. I have put it into the Mouth of a Footman. 'Tis not worth speaking of. But Mr. *Collier* makes a terrible thing of it, and compares it to the Language of the Manicheans, who made the Creation to be the Work of the Devil. After which, he civilly solves all, by saying, the Poet was *Jeremy's Tutor*, and so the Mystery is at an end. This by a Periphrasis is calling me *Manichean*; well let him call me what he pleases, he cannot call me *Jeremy Collier*.

His next Quotation is of one Line taken out of the middle of eight more, in a Speech of Sir *Sampson* in the second Act of this Comedy: He represents it as an Aphorism by itself, and without any regard to what either preceeds or follows it. I refer to my third Proposition, and desire you to view it in its place. Mr. *Collier's* Citation is—*Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders*. I beg you to peruse that Scene, and then to look into the cxxxix *Psalms*, because Mr. *Collier* says it is paraphrased by me in this place. I wonder how such remote Wickedness can enter into a Man's Head. I dare affirm the Scene has no more resemblance of the *Psalms*, than Mr. *Collier* has of the Cha-

Character of a Christian Priest, (which he gives us, p. 127, 128. of his own Book.) Towards the end of A& III. *Scandal* has occasion to flatter Old *Forefight*. He talks to him, and humours him in the Cant of his own Character, recites Quotations in favour of Astrology, and tells him the wisest Men have been beholden to that Science——

Solomon (says he) p. 75. *was wise, but how? By his Judgment in Astrology.* So says *Pineda* in his 3d Book and 8th Chap. But the Quotation of the Authority is omitted by *Mr. Collier*, either because he would represent it as my own Observation to ridicule the Wisdom of *Solomon*, or else, because he was indeed ignorant that it belong'd to any body else.

The Words which gave me the Hint are as above-cited.

——*Illum Judiciariam Astrologiam calu-
isse circa naturalia, circa inclinationes
hominum, &c. **

Does *Mr. Collier* believe in Prognostications from *Judicial Astrology*? Does he think

* *Pineda de Rebus Salomonis.*

that *Solomon* had his Wisdom only from thence? If he does not, why will he not permit the Superstitions growing from that Science to be expos'd? Why will he not understand that the exposing them in this place and manner, does not ridicule the Wisdom of *Solomon*, but the Folly of *Fore-sight*?

Scandal, he adds, continues his Banter, and says, *The Wise Men of the East ow'd their Instruction to a Star, which is rightly observ'd by Gregory the Great, in favour of Astrology.*

Scandal indeed banters *Fore-sight*, but he does not banter the Audience, in mentioning *Gregory the Great*: Take his own Words.

Deus accommodat ad eorum scientiam docuit, ut qui in Stellarum Observatione versabantur ex stellis Christum discerent.

The rest of the Banter is what *Scandal* relates from *Albertus Magnus*, who makes it the most valuable Science, because it teaches us to consider the Causation of Causes in the Causes of Things.

I am but a bare Translator in this place;
for example:

Nos habemus unam scientiam mathematicam, quæ docet nos in rerum causis Causationem causarum considerare. Alb. Mag. Tom. 5. p. 639.

Is not all this Stuff, and fit to be exposed?
yet these and some other like Sayings, have
I sometimes met with as Authorities in Vindication of Judicial Astrology.

Mr. Collier, p. 76. is very angry that Sir Sampson has not another Name; because Sampson is a Name in the Old Testament.

He says it is burlesquing the Sacred History, for Sir Sampson to boast of his Strength; because Sampson in the Bible is said to be very strong. The rest that he quarrels at, is a metaphorical Expression or two, of less Consideration, if possible, than any of his former Cavils. I refer you to the last Scene of the Play: and for an Answer, to what I have before said on the word *Martyr*. When I read in this Page these Words of Mr. Collier, —
To draw towards an end of this Play, I thought he had no more to say to it; but his Method is so admirable, that he never knows

knows where to *begin*, nor when to make an *end*. Five or six Pages farther, *Coll. p. 83*. I find another of his Remarks.

In *Love for Love*, *Valentine* says, *I am*
TRUTH.

If you please to consult the IVth Act of that Comedy, you will there find a Scene, wherein *Valentine* counterfeits *Madness*.

One Reason of his Counterfeiting in that manner, is, that it conduces somewhat to the design and end of the Play. Another Reason is, that it makes a Variation of the Character; and has the same effect in the Dialogue of the Play, as if a new Character were introduc'd. A third use of this pretended *Madness* is, that it gives a Liberty to Satire; and authorizes a Bluntness, which would otherwise have been a Breach in the Manners of the Character. Mad-men have generally some one Expression which they use more frequently than any other. *Valentine*, to prepare his Satire, fixes on one which may give us to understand, that he will speak nothing but *Truth*; and so before and after most of his Observations says—*I am*

TRUTH. For Example, *Forefight* asks him

—*What*

—*What will be done at Court ?*

Val. *Scandal will tell you—I am Truth,
I never come there.*

I had at first made him say, *I am Tom-tell-troth*; but the sound and meanness of the Expression displeas'd me: and I alter'd it for one shorter, that might signify the same Thing. What a Charitable and Christian-like Construction my dear Friend Mr. Collier has given to this Expression, is fit only to be seen in his own Book, to which I refer; and will only repeat his Remark as it personally aims at me—*Now a Poet that had not been smitten with the pleasure of Blasphemy, would not have furnish'd Frenzy with Inspiration, &c.* Now I say, a *Priest*, who was not himself furnish'd with *Frenzy* instead of *Inspiration*, would never have mistaken one for the other.

In his next Chapter, he charges the *Stage* with the Abuse of the *Clergy*. He quotes me so little in this Chapter, and has so little reason even for that little, that it is hardly worth examining.

The *Old Batchelor* has a *Throw* (as he calls it) p. 101. at the *Dissenting Ministers*.
Now

Now this *Throw*, in his own Words, amounts to no more, than that a Pimp provides the Habit of a *dissenting Minister*, as the safest Disguise to conceal a *Whoremaster*: Which is rather a Compliment than an Affront to the Habit.

Barnaby calls another of that Character Mr. Prig. Calls him Mr. *Prig*? Why what if his Name were Mr. *Prig*? Or what if it were not? This is furiously simple! *Fondlewife*, to hook the Church of England into the Abuse, tacks a Chaplain to the End of the Description.

How this pretty little Reasoner has (as he calls it) hook'd in the Church of England? Can't a Man be a *Chaplain* unless he is of the Church of England?

Father * *Dominick* the Second! he's for bringing in Heaven and the Church by hook or by crook into his Quarrel. If a *Musti* had been tack'd to the Description, he would have been equally offended; for *Musti* in the Language of the Theatre, he says, pag. 103. signifies *Bishop*.

* i.e. The *Spanish FRYAR* in Mr. Dryden's Comedy of that Name.

Maskwell in the *Double Dealer*, has a Plot, and is for engaging *Saygrace* in it. He is for *instructing the Levite*, and says, *without one of them have a Finger in't, no Plot, publick or private, can expect to prosper.* Pag. 102.

Perhaps that is a Mistake; many damnable Plots have miscarried, wherein Priests have been concern'd.

After this, he has prescrib'd a broken Piece of a Dialogue between *Maskwell* and *Saygrace*, which I leave to shift for itself; having nothing in it worth an *Accusation*, or needing a *Defence*.

Mr. *Collier* is very florid in this Chapter; but it is very hard to know what he would be at. He seems to be apprehensive of being brought upon the Stage, and in some Places endeavours to prove, that as he is a Priest, he should be exempted from the Correction of the *Drama*. Pag. 124, 127.

In other Places he does not seem to be averse to treading the Stage; but he would do it in Buskins: He would be *all Gold, Purple, Scarlet, and Embroidery; and as rich*

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rich as Nature, Art, and Rhetorick, can make him. Pag. 118.

We will first enquire whether he may be brought on the Stage or not; and then shew both how he *would* and how he *should* be represented; granting the Representation of his Character to be lawful.

Here he lays down something with the appearing face of an Argument, under three heads, Pag. 127. to shew that the Clergy have a *Right to Regard and fair Usage*. I'm sure I will never dispute that with him on the *general* Terms. But I suppose he is *particular* here; and means that they have a Right to be exempted from the Theatre. Whether they have or not, I will not pretend to determine; This I know, that the Custom of the Theatre in all Ages and Countries is against this Opinion, as is sufficiently prov'd by the Examples which himself has produc'd.

If Mr. Collier is in earnest of that Opinion, he has behav'd himself either very treacherously or very weakly, in offering to assert by a false and sophistical Argument: His proof begins.

1. Because of their *relation* to the *Deity*.

F 2

Now

Now (says he) *the Credit of the Service* always rises in proportion to the *Quality and Greatness of the Master*. Upon this Position he builds all the Argument under this first Head. The Position is *sophistical*, and his Inferences consequently false. The Trick lies here. It being granted him that the Credit of the *Service* rises in proportion, &c. he silyly infers, that the Credit of the *Servant* also rises in proportion to the Credit of the *Service*, which is false: For every body knows that an ill *Servant* both discredits his *Service*, and is discredited by it. And by how much the more honourable the *Service* is, in which he is employ'd, so much the more is he accounted an ill Man who behaves himself unworthily in that *Service*.

If an offending *Servant* is punish'd by the Law, the Honour of the *Service* is not by that means violated; so far from that, that it is rather vindicated: Neither on the Stage is the divine *Service* ridicul'd, only the ridiculous *Servant* is expos'd.

2. Because of the Importance of their Office. And,

3. They

3. They have Prescription for their Privilege, their Function has been in Possession of Esteem in all Ages and Countries.

These *two* are but Branches of the *first* Head: For *their relation to the Deity* implies the *Importance of their Office*; and bespeaks that Privilege and Esteem which ever ought to be paid to their Holy Function.

But here again Mr. *Collier* confounds the Function with the Person, the Service with the Servant: He is Father *Dominick* still.

I would ask Mr. *Collier*, whether a Man, after he has receiv'd holy Orders, is become incapable of either playing the Knave, or the Fool?

If he is not incapable, it is possible that some time or other his Capacity may exert itself to Action.

If he is found to play the knave, he is subject to the Penalties of the Law, equally with a Lay-man; if he plays the fool, he is, equally with a Lay-Fool, the Subject of Laughter and Contempt.

By this Behaviour the *Man* becomes alienated from the *Priest*; as such Actions are in their own nature separated and very far remov'd from his Function, and when such a one is brought on the Stage, the Folly is expos'd, not the Function; the *Man* is ridicul'd, but not the *Priest*.

Such a Character neither does nor can asperse the sacred Order of Priesthood, neither does it at all reflect upon the Persons of the pious and good Clergy: For as *Ben. Johnson* observes on the same Occasion from *St. Jerom*, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriam*; "where the Business is to expose and reprehend Folly and Vice in general, no particular Person ought to take offence." And such Business is properly the Business of Comedy.

That this may not look like a sophistical Distinction in me, to say that the *Man* does, by his Behaviour, as it were alienate himself from the *Priest*, and become liable to an ill Character, apart from his Office: I desire it may be observ'd, that the Church it self makes the same Distinction.

It was foreseen by the Reverend Bishops and Clergy of this Realm, in their Convocations for establishing the 39 Articles of our Religion in the Years 1562, and 1604. that evil Men (unperceiv'd to be such) might creep into the Ministry of the Church. That afterwards they might become openly profligate, and notoriously scandalous in their Lives and Conversations; even to that degree, that some scrupulous Christians, and of a very tender Conscience, might probably take such Offence at the Unworthiness of their Minister, as dangerously to avoid his Administration of the Holy Word and Sacraments: To refrain from publick Worship, and to lose the real Benefit of the Communion, thro' a misconceiv'd Opinion of the Invalidity of it when administred by unclean and wicked Hands.

They might (and not without some reasonable Grounds) doubt whether the same Man who was *personally* impious, could be *spiritually* sacred; whether he, who by his Example would seduce them to the Devil, could by his Precepts be conducing to their Salvation. This, I say, they might doubt; and not without some reasonable Grounds; and not without the Opinions of two of the

Fathers, viz. *St. Cyprian* an *St. Origen*, to authorize their Distrust.

But to remove this Doubt, and to invalidate the Authorities of those Fathers, the *xxvith* Article of Religion was thus established by the Convocations abovementioned.

ARTICLE XXVI.

Although in the visible Church the Evil be ever mingled with the Good, and sometime the Evil have chief Authority in the Ministration of the Word and Sacrament: Yet forasmuch as they do not the same in their *own* Name, but in *Christ's*, and do minister by his Commission and Authority, we may use *their* Ministry both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving the Sacraments. Neither is the Effect of *Christ's* Ordinance taken away by their Wickedness, nor the Grace of God's Gifts diminished from such, as by Faith, and rightly do receive the Sacraments ministered unto them; which are effectual, because of *Christ's* Institution and Promise, although they be ministered by evil Men.

Nevertheless it appertaineth to the Discipline of the Church, that Enquiry be made of evil Ministers: And that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their Offences; and finally, being found guilty by just Judgment, be deposed.

Here

Here is a most manifest Distinction made between the *Man* and the *Priest*: Between the regard to his *Person*, and the respect to his *Function*.

I will likewise shew that Mr. *Collier* himself has made this very *Distinction*, when he is pleased to approve of the Characters of *JODA* and *MATHAN* in the *ATHALIA* of *Racine*.

If any Man has, in any Play, expos'd a *Priest*, as a *Priest*, and with an intimation, that as such, his Character is ridiculous: I will agree heartily to condemn both the Play and the Author. I am confident no Man can defend such an Impiety; and whoever is guilty of it, my Advice to him is, that he acknowledge his Error, that he repent of it and sin no more.

I confess I do not remember any such Character; Mr. *Collier*, who is more conversant with bad Plays than any Man that I know, perhaps may.

Mr. *Collier* in this Chapter produces many Instances of the Characters of Priests in the Poems of Heathen Writers; he is extremely delighted with the Distinctions of their Habits,

bits, with the Show and Splendour in which they appear'd. The Crown and gilt Scepter of *Chryses*, with the valuable Ransom which he had in his power, are Objects that gratify his vain Imagination extreamly. He is indeed so rapt with his splendid Ideas of *Chryses*, *Laocoon*, and *Chlorens*, that to use his own Phrase, he *runs riot* upon their Description from page 112, to 118. he seems to have quite laid aside the Thoughts of the *twelve poor Men who over-bore all the Oppositions of Power and Learning*, in pag. 81.

He now talks of nothing but great Families, great Places, wealthy and honourable Marriages, fine Clothes, and in short, of *all the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World*. To give him his Due, as in some Places of his Book he criticizes more like a *Pedant* than a *Scholar*; argues more like a *Sophister* than a *right Reasoner*, and rallies more like a *Waterman* than a *Gentleman*; so in this Place he talks more like a *Herald-Painter* than a *Priest*, and insists more upon *Pedigrees* and *Coats of Arms*, than on *moral Virtues* or a *generous Education*.

He tells us the *Jewish* and *Egyptian* Priests, the *Persian Magi*, and *Druids* of *Gaul*, were all at the *upper end of the Government*, p. 131. What then? What is that to us, any more than

than if they were used to sit at the upper end of the Table? No doubt this Gentleman's Affection for such a Seat, furnish'd him with this florid and metaphorical Expression.

In p. 132. he says, *the Priesthood was for some time confin'd to the Patrician Order.* Very well: we know the Reason of that; but with Submission, that is not the same thing as if the *Patrician Order* had been confin'd to the *Priesthood*. However, this Gentleman's Meaning is plain; certainly if he were *Pope*, he would renounce the Title of *Servus Servorum Dei*.

He quotes *Tully*, p. 133. for his Approbation of the same Person's being set at the Head both of Religion and Government. What does he mean by this? What Occasion is there for this Quotation, in our Country? Is not our King both at the Head of our Religion and Government? When Mr. *Collier* allows him *one*, perhaps he will not deny him the *other*.

But to come to his Meaning (if he has any) thro' all this vain Stuff. I take it, he would give us to understand, that in all Ages the Function of a Priest was held to be a very honourable Function. Did Mr. *Collier* ever
meet

meet with any body Fool enough to engage him to assert that?

He tells us that Men of the first Quality; nay, Kings and Emperors have been *employ'd* in the *sacred Ministry*: And I can tell him that Kings and Emperors have been in all Ages *expos'd* on the *Stage*; their Ambition, Tyrannies and Cruelties, all the Follies and Vices which were Consequences of their arbitrary Power and ungovern'd Appetites, have been laid open to the People's View. They have been punish'd, depos'd, and put to death on the Stage; yet never any King complain'd of the Theatre, or the Poets. On the contrary, all great Princes have cherish'd and supported them so long as they themselves were Great; till they have diminish'd in their own Characters, and turn'd to Bigotry and Enthusiasm.

Yet, I. Kings have a Relation to the Deity. They are his Deputies and Vicegerents on Earth. II. They are possess'd of a very important Office. And, III. Their Function has been in possession of Esteem in all Ages and Countries.

That Men of Quality have always been, and are now employ'd in the sacred Ministry, is evidently true; and I could heartily wish
that

that more were still employ'd in it : So should the most honourable Office be executed by the most honourable Hands. So should we behold Men of Birth, Title, and Heraldry, despising tinsel Shew, Pageantry, and all Mr. Collier's beloved Bells, Bawbles, and Trinkets : And preferring Decency, Humility, Charity, and other Christian Virtues, to shining Ornaments ; or even the *upper End of a Government*. How ill such temporal Pride agrees with the Person and Character of a truly pious and exemplary Divine, I will not pretend to determine. I will only transcribe the Words of a learned and honour'd Minister of the Church, to this purpose ; (and that is the ever memorable Mr. *Hales* of *Eton*, in his Tract on *Schism*, p. 224, 225.)

“ For we have believ'd him that hath told
 “ us, *That in Jesus Christ there is neither*
 “ *high nor low ; and that in giving Honour,*
 “ *every Man should be ready to prefer ano-*
 “ *ther before himself ;* which Sayings cut off
 “ all Claim most certainly to Superiority, by
 “ Title of Christianity, except Men can think
 “ that these things were spoken only to poor
 “ and private Men. Nature and Religion
 “ agree in this, that neither of them hath a
 “ hand in this Heraldry of *secundum, sub &*
 “ *supra* ; all this comes from Composition
 “ and Agreement of Men among themselves.
 “ Where-

“Wherefore this Abuse of Christianity,
 “to make it *Lacquey* to Ambition, is a
 “Vice for which I have no extraordinary
 “Name of Ignominy, and an ordinary
 “I will not give it, lest you should take so
 “transcendent a Vice to be but trivial.”

Here is not one Syllable of *Heraldry* regulated by Garter, and blazon'd by Stones, Coll. p. 135. I would desire you immediately after this Paragraph from Mr. *Hales*, to consult Mr. *Collier* in p. 136. and to observe how he stickles for Place, and thrusts *himself* before the *Gentlemen*.

The Addition of Clerk is at least equal to that of Gentleman. (How snappish and short his *Clerkship* is in his Periods! mark him) were it otherwise, the Profession would in many Cases, be a kind of Punishment. Good Heaven! To profess the Service of God would be a Punishment, if the Title of Clerk were not at least equal to that of Gentleman. Well, ---*The Heraldry is every jot as safe in the Church, as it was in the State. When the Laity are taken leave of, not Gentleman but Clerk is usually written.* And a little after: *The first Addition is not lost, but covered.* Good Sir, return to Mr. *Hales*, that you may be reminded of the true Respect and Veneration which is due to
 his

his Memory; and to the rest of the Meek, the Modest, and the Humble Ministers of the Church: For while Mr. *Collier* is before you, you will be very apt to forget it.

I know many Clergymen now living, whose Names I cannot hear without Awe and Reverence; And why is that? Not from their Heraldry, but their Humility, their Humanity, their exceeding Learning, which is yet exceeded by their Modesty; their exemplary Behaviour in their whole Lives and Conversations; their charitable Censures of youthful Errors and Negligences, their fatherly and tender Admonitions, accompany'd with all Sweetness of Behaviour; and full of mild, yet forcible Persuasion.

He were next to a *Manichean* that would not hold such Men's Persons in a Degree of Veneration, next to their Profession. But a Mr. *Prig*, a Mr. *Smirk*, and I'm afraid a Mr. *Collier*, are Names implying Characters worthy of Aversion and Contempt.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

SIR,

I Shall now take a View of Mr. Collier, as he appears upon the Stage; for while he is examining of Plays, I look upon him as one who has *eloped* from his Pulpit, and strayed within the Inclosures of the Theatre; and I do not see why the Players should not, as *they have catch'd him in the Corn, put him in the Pound, till he has given them Absolution.* Why does he abandon his Gown and Cassock to come capering and frisking, in his Lay-Douplet and Drawers, between the Scenes? Is he Master of the Revels? Is the Stage under his Discipline? *And is he fit to correct the Theatre, who is not fit to come into it?* (Coll. p. 139.) He is not fit to come into it, 1st, Because his Office requires him in another Place. And 2^{dly}, Because he makes naughty Uses of innocent Plays, and writes bawdy and blasphemous Comments on the Poets Works.

Well, he has at length discover'd a Play which is *an Exception to what he has observed in France*, (Coll. p. 124.) the Play is the *ATHALIA* of *Racine*. In this Play are the

the Characters of two Priests, *Joida* and *Mathan*; of both which Mr. *Collier* is pleased to admit: By enquiring into his Reasons for licensing this Play, we shall see in what manner he will allow a Priest to be represented on the Stage; and from thence we may guess how he himself would be contented to appear there also.

JOIDA (says he) *the High-Priest has a large Part, but then the Poet does him Justice in his Station; he makes him honest and brave, and gives him a shining Character throughout.* That's well. *MATHAN* is another Priest in the same Tragedy, he turns Renegado, and revolts from God to Baal. That is not altogether so well. But has not the Poet done him Justice too, in giving him the Character that belong'd to him? Whether he has or not, Mr. *Collier* thinks he has made him ample Reparation and more than amends, as you shall see. He goes on. *He is a very ill Man, But---ay, now for the BUT---* He has turn'd Renegado, has revolted from God to *Baal*, is positively a very Ill-Man, But, what? O, *BUT* makes a considerable Appearance. There, now 'tis out, and all's well. If he has but a gilt Crown, and Scepter, Scarlet and Embroidery in abundance, let him rebel or revolt, he makes a good Figure, and it becomes him very well.

G

Your

Your Servant Monsieur RACINE, it was well for you that *Baal* gave good Benefices, and his Priests could afford to make a considerable Appearance: or *Mathan's* Revolt had not been so well taken at your hands. But hold, Mr. *Collier* goes on.

I'm afraid the Reparation enlarges, and the Compliment rises. For the sake of Connexion let us repeat.---*But makes a considerable Appearance*, And,--- (Ay now, what can follow this *AND* in the Name of *Climax*? You shall hear,) *And is one of the Top of Athalia's Faction.*

Nay, then there is no more to be said. If he had fine Clothes, and was set at the Top, or rather at the *upper End* of a *Faction* too, he had his Heart's Content: A reasonable *Mathan* would have been satisfied with any one of those Blessings. Tho' I would not answer for Mr. *Collier's* Continence; at this time, especially: He is so transported with *Racine's* Bounty to *Mathan*, that he excuses him frankly for shewing him a Renegado.

He goes on. ---*As for the Blemishes of his Life, they stick all upon his own Honour, and reach no farther than his Person.*

I think I have now kept the Promise that I made, to shew that Mr. *Collier* himself, when he is in the Humour, will allow of the Distinction betwixt the *Man* and the *Priest*, the *Person* and the *Function*.

But to shew that I can be as peevish as he; now when he alledges this Distinction, it shall not by any means be granted him. Here is a renegade Priest, that revolts from the *true God* to *Baal*: And this Man is only branded with a Blemish on his *Person*. What, is it no Affront to his *Function* then? I take it to be no Excuse for him, that he should afterwards become a Priest of *Baal*. Sure Mr. *Collier* does not mean to make use of Mr. *Dryden's* Key, as he calls it, and say that,

Priests of all Religions are the same.

Well, 'tis only a Blemish upon his *Person*; or if Mr. *Collier* pleases, because he delights in Phrases of Heraldry, 'tis only a Blot in his *Escutcheon*. Let Mr. *Collier* answer for this, to those who have Authority to examine him further. He is in every Line growing more and more gracious to *Racine*. And now he is come to the very *Top* or *upper End* of his *Civility*; and says with a *bon Grace* and *belle Air*, that---in *fine*, the Play is a very religious Poem.

Indeed! why then *in fine* we are tack'd about; then a Play *in fine*, may be a religious Poem it seems: Why then Sir *Martin** with his, *in fine* here, has quite unravell'd his own Plot. Ay, ay, the Play is a very religious Poem; if Faction and fine Clothes won't make a religious Poem, it must be made of strange Stuff indeed.---'Tis upon the Matter all Sermon and Anthem—

O Lord! nay, now I protest Mr. Collier this must not be; nay now you're so infinitely obliging! fye, this is too much on t'other Side: You quite forget the Fathers indeed Sir, and the Bishop of *Arras*.—And if it were not design'd for the Theatre—

Out with it, Man.—— I have nothing to object.

Why that's well, now he's come to himself. O' my Word, I was half afraid he would have play'd *Mathan*, and have revolted to the Theatre. The Mischief is this naughty Theatre will be interloping when Sermon and Anthem become the Stage as ill, as Faction and fine Clothes do

* Alluding to Mr. Dryden's Comedy of, Sir *Martin* *Mar-All*.

the Pulpit: But Men sometimes travel into foreign Provinces for Variety.

I cannot forbear enquiring into one Example more, which this Gentleman offers us in the very next Page. *In the History of Sir John Oldcastle, Sir John, Parson of Wrotham, Swears, Games, Wenches, Pads, Tilts and Drinks; this is extremely bad.*

Extremely bad! Can any thing be worse? and yet (says he) *Shakespear's Sir John has some Advantage in his Character.* Now who can forbear enquiring what Advantage a Character can possibly have, consistent with such abominable Vices? First, *he appears loyal and stout; he brings in Sir John, Acton, and other Rebels, Prisoners.* So! 'tis in the *Spanish Fryar*, a manifest Member of the Church Militant! That he was Stout, was plain before, from his Padding and Tilting. But this will not do; the Advantage does not yet appear. No! why then—*He is rewarded by the King, and the Judge uses him civilly and with Respect.*

This Advantage appears still but coldly. Kings reward Spies and Executioners, and necessary Instruments of Policy and Punish-

ment. And Judges are generally Men of Years, Temper and Wisdom, and use all Gentlemen with Civility. Ay, say you so? why then———*in short*———ay, now for the *ILIAD* in a *Nut-shell*. Here is the *But* coming again, I had a glimpse of him just now. *ex. gr.*———*In short he is represented Lewd, but not Little.*

There is an Advantage for you now; *in short, Lewd, but not Little.*

Concise and pretty! the Gentleman had best take it for a Motto, and have it annex'd to his Coat-Armour, when he can get his *Heraldry regulated by Garter, and blazon'd by Stones.*

Well, I confess I have been in an Error; I thought a Man never appear'd so very *little*, as when he appear'd *extremely lewd*. If I have undervalued Lewdness, I ask Mr. Collier's pardon. *And the Disgrace falls rather on the Person than the Office.*

Here again you see, he will allow this Distinction to all his Favourites. Here is the *Person* and the *Function* separated again; the *Priest* and the *Man*: In short, he answers himself

himself so often, that I will dispute this Point no more with him.

But you may see what this poor Gentleman in the wretched Pride of his little Heart, thinks a sufficient Alloy to make current a most dissolute or impious Character. Though you expose a Priest revolting from God to Baal, yet if you let him make a considerable Figure, and place him at the Head of a Faction, all is well enough; and the Poem may be a *religious Poem*, &c. Shew *another* in Comedy, let him *Swear, Game, Wench, Pad, Tilt and Drink*, but withal let him keep good Company; let a Judge, or some great Man treat him with Respect, that he may not appear *little*, tho' he appear *lewd*, and you give *some advantage to his Character*; at least you will shew that he *understands his Post*, and *converses with the Freedom of a Gentleman*.

Our Author has observ'd, p. 122. *how the Heathen Poets behav'd themselves in the Argument. Priests seldom appear in their Plays; and when they come, 'tis business of Credit that brings them. They are treated like Persons of Condition; they act up to their Relation, neither sneak, nor prevaricate, nor do any thing unbecoming their Office.*

Indeed when Men neither sneak, nor prevaricate, nor do any thing unbecoming their Office in the World, they ought not to be represented otherwise on the Stage: Nay, they ought not to be expos'd at all in Comedy; for the Characters expos'd there, should be of those only, who misbehave themselves.

Let us suppose that the Character of this Author were to be shewn upon the Stage: he who should represent him behaving himself as he ought, would be to blame, and that for these Reasons.

First, To represent him behaving himself as he ought, would be to represent him in the discharge of some part of his Holy Office, which is by no means fit to be shewn on the Stage; especially in Comedy, where Men's Vices and Follies are expos'd: That would be to bring Mr. *Collier's Function*, not his *Person* on the Stage, which is not to be permitted.

Secondly, He that should represent Mr. *Collier* behaving himself as he ought, would very much misrepresent Mr. *Collier*, in respect to the Manners of his Character.

Let us take a slight Sketch of him as he presents himself to us in his Book. Let Mr. *Collier* be represented as he *is*, not as he *ought* to be; that by seeing *what he is*, Mr. *Collier* may be asham'd of *what he is*, and endeavour at what he *ought to be*.

And that the Instruction of the Representation may not be lost, let us borrow that Distinction which severs the *Priest* from the *Man*: If *Mathan*, and Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, have done with it, they may lend it to us; 'tis for the use of an Humble Servant of theirs, and whenever the Humour takes 'em to *Revolt, Pad, Tilt, Wench, Drink*, and *so forth*, let 'em give us a Quarter of an Hour's Notice, and they shall have it again.

Well, Our Author being thus divided, we will desire the better Part of him, to take his Place in the Pit, and let the other appear to him, like his evil Genius, on the Stage.

Suppose the Gentleman in the Scene to appear very intent upon the very Obscene Comedies of *Aristophanes*, *Coll.* p. 40, 44. *Quar.* Whether the Person in the Pit, beholding how very ill this becomes him, will not think that he might with much more Decency, betake himself to his *Septuagint*?

Mr.

Mr. *Collier* on the Stage shall anathematise the Poets, and tell 'em in plain Terms, they should be excommunicated, and that *they are not fit to come into the Church.* p. 139. *Quer.* whether Mr. *Collier*, in the Pit, will not think it had been more becoming his Character, to have invited and exhorted them to it?

Mr. *Collier* on the Stage shall behave himself with all the Arrogance, and little Pride of a spruce *Pedant*, p. 136. that the Gentleman in the Pit, may be induc'd to practise the Meekness and Humility of a Christian Divine. The former, shall pervert and misconstrue, (as Mr. *Collier* in most of his Quotations has done) every thing that is said to him, that the latter may learn to use Justice, Candour, and Sincerity, in his Interpretations.

The Player *Collier* shall call the Gentlemen that he converses with Foot-pads, Buffoons, Slaves, *Pref.* p. 81, 63, 125, &c. that the Spectator *Collier* may remember they are Christians, and should be catechis'd by other Names.

Mr. *Collier*, on the Stage, shall rack Bawdery and Obscenity out of modest and innocent Expressions; and having extorted it, he shall

shall scourge it, not out of Chastisement but Wantonness; he shall forget, that *sometimes to report a Fault is to repeat it.* p. 71. The Spectator in the Pit shall plainly perceive that he loves to look on naked Obscenity; and that he only flogs it, as a sinful Pædagogus sometimes lashes a pretty Boy, that looks lovely in his Eyes, for Reasons best known to himself. *Coll. Ch. I. II. Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod amem.*

Mr. Collier, on the Stage, shall ridicule, rail at, and condemn all Plays whatsoever: He shall tire himself, and his Audience, with his Inveteracy and Exclamations against them. Which done, he shall all on the sudden, and that there may be something surprizing, and *præter expectatum* in his Character, from a Persecutor, become a Promoter of the *Drama*: He shall be as furious a *Critick* as he was a *Bigot*; and give the best Rules and Instructions of which he is capable for the Composure of Comedy. He shall talk in all the Pedantical Cant of Fable, Intrigue, Discovery, of Unities of Time, Place, and Action. V. from p. 209, to 228, & seq. But lest this Behaviour in Mr. Collier's Character should appear inconsistent, and a violation of the Precept of *Horace*,

——— *Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incepto processerit; & sibi constet.

His

His Vanity shall bear proportion with his Diffimulation ; his Ignorance shall be as great as his Malice ; and he shall not be able to deviate from his inveterate Zeal against Plays ; for he shall not appear to understand one Syllable of the Rules of Writing, but shall mislead Poetry as much by his Instructions, as he has perverted it by Interpretations ; he shall favour his Adversaries without obliging them ; the Zeal of his Character shall be preserv'd even in his own despite ; and his Devotion, in this Particular, shall be the Child of his Ignorance : For he can make but

—*Lame Mischief tho' he mean it well.* p. 104.

And if Plays are pernicious, Mr Collier shall only be wicked in his Wishes, he shall be acquitted in his Performances ; his Instigations to Poetry shall prove checks upon it. He shall appear mounted upon a false *Pegasus*, like a *Lancashire* Witch upon an imaginary *Horse*, the *Phantom* shall be unbridled, and the *Broomstick* made visible. p. 230.

At this *Catastrophe*, Mr. Collier, in the Pit, shall exclaim like *Flecknoe*, and with very little variation.

*O why didst thou on Learning fix a Brand,
And rail at Arts thou didst not understand?*
Now,

Now, lest the Poet who shall undertake this Character, should be gravell'd in the imitation of the Stile of this elaborate Writer, let him take these few Instances of his allusive and highly metaphorical Expressions, for Patterns; viz. *running riot upon Smut: A Poem with a Litter of Epithets, like a Bitch overstock'd with Puppies: Sucking the Sense to skin and bone: A Fancy slip-stocking high: The upper End of a Government: A whole Kennel of Beaus after a Woman, &c.* For his Elegancy, these are Originals: *Learning a Spaniel to set: This belike is the meaning: Three of the biggest of Four: Big Alliances, Men of the biggest Consideration for sense, &c. To marry up a Top-Lady: Cum multis aliis. V. p. 12, 27, 34, 92, 132, 225, 233, &c.*

'Tis a strange thing that a Man should write such Stuff as this, who is capable of making the following Observation. p. 205.

Offensive Language, like Offensive Smells, does but make a Man's Senses a burthen, and affords him nothing but Loathing and Aversion.

For these Reasons, 'tis a Maxim in Good Breeding never to shock the Senses or Imagination. Ibid.

Indeed

Indeed there are few things which distinguish the manner of a Man's Breeding and Conversation more visibly, than the Metaphors which he uses in Writing; I mean in writing from himself, and in his own Name and Character. A Metaphor is a Similitude in a Word, a short Comparison; and it is used as a similitude, to illustrate and explain the meaning. The Variety of *Ideas* in the Mind, furnish it with variety of Matter for Similitudes; and those *Ideas* are only so many Impressions made on the Memory, by the force and frequency of external Objects.

Pitiful and mean Comparisons proceed from pitiful and mean *Ideas*; and such *Ideas* have their beginning from a familiarity with such Objects. From this Author's poor and filthy Metaphors and Similitudes, we may learn the Filthiness of his Imagination; and from the Uncleanliness of that, we may make a reasonable guess at his rate of Education, and those Objects with which he has been most conversant and familiar.

To conclude with him in this Chapter; I will only say that on Man living has a greater respect for a *good* Clergy-man, nor more contempt for an *ill* one, than my self; the former I have often been proud to shew, the latter

ter never fell in my way till now. I never yet introduced the Character of a Clergyman in any of my Plays, excepting that little Apparition of *Say-grace*, in the *Double-Dealer*; and I am very indifferent whether ever the Gown appear upon the Stage, or not. If it does, I think it should not be worn by the Character of a good Man; for such a one ought not to be made the Companion of foolish Characters. If ever it is shewn there, it ought to be hung loosely on the shoulders of such a one as I have lately instanced; but to no other end, than to demonstrate that even the sacred Habit is abus'd by some; but by their Characters and Manners the Audience may observe what manner of Men they are. And no question but if our Author, in the Pit, did behold his Counterpart on the Stage, thus egregiously to play the Fool in his *Pontificalibus*, the rebuke would strike stronger upon his sense, Coll. p. 111. and prove more effectual to his Reformation.

I am, &c.

L E T-

LETTER VIII.

I Come now, *Sir*, to Mr. Collier's Chapter of the *Immorality* of the Stage.

His Objections here, are rather Objections against Comedy in general, than against mine, or any one's else in particular. He says the Sparks that *marry up the Top-Ladies*, p. 142. and are rewarded with Wives and Fortunes in the last *Acts*, are generally debauch'd Characters. In answer to this, I refer to my *first* and *second* Proposition. He is a little particular in his Remarks upon *Valentine*, in *Love for Love*. He says, *This Spark the Poet would pass for a Person of Virtue, but he speaks too late.*

I know who, and what he is, that always speaks too soon. Why is he to be pass'd for a Person of Virtue? Or where is it said that his Character makes extraordinary Pretensions to it! *Valentine* is in *Debt*, and in *Love*, he has honesty enough to close with a hard Bargain, rather than not pay his Debts, in the
first

first *Act*; and he has Generosity and Sincerity enough, in the last *Act*, to sacrifice every thing to his Love; and when he is in danger of losing his Mistress, thinks every thing else of little worth. This, I hope, may be allow'd a Reason for the Lady to say, *He has Vertues*: They are such in respect to her; and her once saying so, in the last *Act*, is all the notice that is taken of his *Vertue* quite thro' the Play.

Mr. Collier says, he is *Prodigal*. He was prodigal, and is shewn, in the first *Act*, under hard Circumstances, which are the Effects of his Prodigality. That he is unnatural and undutiful, I don't understand: He has indeed a very unnatural Father; and if he does not very passively submit to his Tyranny and barbarous Usage, I conceive there is a Moral to be apply'd from thence to such Fathers. That he is *profane* and *obscene*, is a false Accusation, and without any Evidence. In short, the Character is a mix'd Character; his Faults are fewer than his good Qualities; and, as the World goes, he may pass well enough for the best Character in a Comedy; where even the best must be shewn to have Faults, that the best Spectators may be warn'd not to think too well of themselves.

H

He

He quotes the *Old Batchelor* twice in this Chapter. His first Quotation is made with his usual assurance and fair dealing. p. 171, 172.

If any one would understand what the Curse of all tender-hearted Women is, Bellmour will inform him. What is it then? 'Tis the Pox.

Here he makes a Flourish upon Ill-Nature's being recommended as a Guard of Virtue and of Health, &c.

The whole Matter of Fact is no more than this.

Lucy to Bellmour, Act 5. Scene 2.

If you do deceive me, the Curse of all kind tender-hearted Women light upon you.

Bell. *That's as much as to say, The Pox take me.*

It is his Interpretation; and it is agreeable to his Character. He is a Debauchée, and he thinks there is but one way for Women to be kind and tender-hearted; and, I think, his threat'ning them with such a Curse as the consequence

sequence of too much easiness, does not seem to recommend the Vice at all, but rather to forbid it: His very Lewdness, in this place, is made moral and instructive.

I am very glad our Author is in such Circumstances in this Chapter, that he can bear the sight of that *Hellish Syllable, Pox*; and prevail with himself to write it at its full length. *Non ita pridem*. In Page 82. he loves his Love with a P—— but no naming: That is not like a Cavalier. What *Ermin* was ever an Instance of superfine Nicety comparable to Mr. *Collier*? I will not say, what *Cat*? Tho' if I should, I can quote a *Spanish Proverb* to justify the Comparison.

*El Gato scaldado tiene miedo de agua fria.**

He makes one Quotation more, to what purpose indeed I know not; but I will repeat it, in Justice to him, because it is the *last* that he has made, and the *first* fair one. *Old Batch. Act 4. Belinda to Sharp. p. 172.*

— *Where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing?*

* The scalded Cat is afraid even of cold Water.

Sharp.——*Madam, the Talent was born with me.—— I confess I have taken care to improve it, to qualify me for the Society of Ladies.*

These are the Words just as the Gentleman quotes 'em; but why, or wherefore, he is not pleas'd. to discover; for he says not one Syllable, *for*, nor *against* 'em: I suppose he thinks the Proof plain, and the Evidence firm without a Corroborator.

I hope you will not forget, that these Instances are produc'd, to prove that I have encourag'd Immorality in my Plays. I thought the Expression above-mentioned, had been a gentle Reproof to the Ladies that are addicted to railing; and since Mr. *Collier* has not said that it *must* mean the contrary, I don't see why it may not be understood so still?

I have now examin'd all Mr. *Collier's* Quotations; I have been as short as I possibly could in their Vindication; I have avoided all Recriminations, and have not so much as made one Citation from any of my Plays in favour of them: Whatever they contain of Morality, or Invectives against Folly and Vice, is no more than what ought to be in them; therefore I do not urge it as a Merit.

My

My Business was not to *paint*, but to *wash*; not to shew *Beauties*, but to wipe off *Stains*.

Mr. *Collier* has indeed given me an opportunity of reforming many Errors, by obliging me to a review of my own Plays.

Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno

Me quoq; qui feci, Judice, digna Lini.

But I must affirm, that they are only Errors occasion'd by Inadvertency or Inexperience, and that I am conscious of nothing that can make me liable to his Censure, or rather Slander. I am as ready to own the Advantages I have received from his Book, as to demonstrate the Wrongs; if I resent the latter, it is because they *were* intended me; and if I do not thank him for the other, it is because they were *not*: He would have poison'd me, but he overdosed it, and the Excess of his Malice has been my Security.

To give him his due, he seems every where to write more from Prejudice, than Opinion; he *rails* when he should *reason*; and for gentle *Reproofs*, uses *scurrilous Reproaches*. He looks upon his Adversaries to be his Enemies; and to justify his Opinion in that Particular,

ticular, before he has done with them, he makes them so. If there is any Spirit in his Arguments, it evaporates and flies off unseen, thro' the heat of his Passion, which does not only make him appear in many Places to be in the wrong, but it also makes him appear to be conscious of it. That which shews the Face of Wit in his Writing, has indeed no more than the Face; for the Head is wanting. *Wit* is at the best but the *Sign* to good Understanding; it is hung out to recommend the Entertainment which may be found *within*: And it is very well when the Invitation can be made good. As the outward Form of Godliness is Hypocrisy, which very often conceals Irreligion and Immorality; so is Wit also very often an Hypocrisy, a Superficies glaz'd upon false Judgment, a good Face set on a bad Understanding.

It is a Mask which Mr. *Collier* sometimes wears, but it does not fit the Mold of his Face; he presumes too much on the Security of his Disguise, and very often ventures till he is discover'd; He does not know himself in his Foreign Dress, and from thence concludes that no body else can. His Ancestor of honour'd Memory, recorded in *Æsop*, miscarried thro' the same Self-sufficiency. Mr. *Collier*, when he cloathed himself in the *Lion's* Skin, should have thought of an Expedient

pedient to have conceal'd his Ears: But, it may be, he is proud of them, and thinks it proper to shew that he has them *both*, and at their full length.

He has put himself to some pain to shew his Reading; and that is such, that it puts us to pain to behold it. He discovers an ill Taste in Books, and a worse Digestion. He has swallow'd so much of the Scum of Authors, that the overflowing of his own Gall was superfluous to make it rise upon his Stomach. But he ought in good Manner to have stept aside, and not to have been thus nauseous and offensive to the Noses of the whole Country. But as his Reading would not stay with him, so his Writing ran away with him.

Ben Johnson, in his Discoveries, p. 702. says, *There be some Men are born only to suck the Poison of Books.* Habent venenum pro victu, imo pro deliciis. *And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in Poets; which makes the Profession tax'd: But by whom? Men that watch for it, &c.* Something farther, in the same Discoveries, he is speaking again very much to our purpose; for it is in justification of presenting vicious and foolish Characters on the Stage in Comedy. It seems some People were angry at it then; let us compare his Picture of them,

H 4

with

with the Characters of those who quarrel at it now. *It sufficeth*, (says he) p. 714. *I know what kind of Persons I displease, Men bred in the declining and decay of Vertue, betrothed to their own Vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good Names; hungry and ambitious of Infamy, invested in all Deformity, enthral'd to Ignorance and Malice, of a hidden and conceal'd Malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all Evil.*

'Tis strange that Mr. Collier should oversee these two Passages, when he was *simpling* in the *same Field* where they *both grow*. This is pretty plain; because in p. 51. of his Book he presents you with a Quotation from the *same Discoveries*, as one entire Paragraph, tho' severally collected from the 706th and 717th Pages of the Original; so that he has read both before and beyond these Passages. But a Man that looks in a Glass often, walks away, and forgets his own resemblance.

Mr. Collier's Vanity in pretending to *Criticism*, has extreamly betray'd his Ignorance in the *Art of Poetry*; this is manifest to all that understand it. And methinks his Affectation of seeming to have read every thing, sometimes betrays him to Confessions that are not much to his advantage. I wonder he is not ashamed to own, that he is so well acquainted

quainted with the ἐκκλησιαζέου of *Aristophanes*. The Dialogues of *Aretine*, or *Aloisia*, are not more obscene than that Piece. The Author there, as Mr. *Bays* says, *does egad name the thing directly*, and that in above a hundred Places. But perhaps Mr. *Collier* meant to veil that Play under a *Misnommer* (to use his own Phrase); *Coll.* p. 44. and when he call'd it *Concionatores*, thought we could not discover, that in spite of his Artifice, or his Ignorance, he *must* mean no other than the leud *Concionatrices*, or *Parliament Women* of *Aristophanes*. He has indeed rak'd together a strange number of Authors Names: But as *Gideon's Army* of 32,000 was order'd to be reduc'd to 300; so his rabble of Citations, without any loss to him, might be reduc'd to a much less number: But his Business is not *Discipline*, but *Tumult*. He appears like the *Captain* of a *Mobb*, that are shuffled together, neither the *World*, nor *They*, can tell why; but since they are met, Plunder is the Word, and the Play-house is first to be demolish'd.

He has outdone *Bays* in his grand Dance; nay, the Heathen Philosophers in their Notions of the grand Chaos, never imagin'd a greater confusion. All Religions, all Countries, all Ages, are jumbled together, to explode what all Religions, all Countries, and all

all Ages have allow'd. He is not contented with his *Batalia*, compounded of *Bramins*, *Brachmans*, *Musties*, *Councils*, *Fathers*, the Bishop of *Arras*, &c. But the *Philosophers*, nay, the very *Poets* themselves are press'd to the Service.

Cicero endeavour'd with all his might to get himself a Name in Poetry; and *Aristotle* preferr'd *Tragedy* even to *Philosophy*. But Mr. *Collier* has converted them both; in short, between him, and the Bishop of *Arras*, they have been seduc'd and inveigled over to the other side.

He pretends to triumph in the heart of *Parnassus*, and has sown dissension in the bosoms of some of the chief Proprietors. *Ovid* and the *Plain Dealer* are revolted, and take Arms against their Brethren, while Mr. *Collier* sings with *Lucan* and *Hudibras* of—*Civil Dudgeon*, &c.

—————*populumque potentem,*
In sua victrici Conversum viscera dextra:
Cognatasq; acies——
 (*Bays* against *Bays*)—& *Pila minantia pilis.*

I wish his Seeds of Sedition were not scatter'd elsewhere; for here I think they will hardly thrive. What effect his Doctrine in
 private

private Families will have, I know not, when the Superiority comes to be disputed between the *Country-Gentlemen*, and their *Chaplains*; or rather, as Mr. *Collier* has establish'd it, between the *Chaplains*, and their *Country-Gentlemen*. p. 139.

I am not the only one who look on this Invektive of his to be a Gun levell'd at the whole Laity, while the shot only glances on the Theater; what he means by the Attack, or what may be its Consequences, I know not, and I suppose he cares not. *Bellum inchoant inertes, fortes finiunt*. But there are those who will not be displeas'd at an occasion of making Recriminations. With respect to his Parts, it is no wise thing to give any body an Example of searching into Books for negligent and foolish Expressions. Divines have sometimes forgot themselves in Controversial Writings; Disputes begun, or pretended to have been begun on Points of Faith, have ended in scurrilous and personal Reflections; and from Tracts of Divinity, have degenerated into *Pasquils* and *Lampoons*. That Mr. *Collier* has laid the Foundation of such a Controversy, I think is apparent; but I hope his Credit is not sufficient to engage any body to go on with the Building.

He has assaulted the Town in the Seat of their principal, and most reasonable Pleasure. Down with the *Theatre* right or wrong. *Delenda est Carthago*, let the Consequence be what it will. That was a very rash Maxim; and if *Cato* had liv'd to have seen its Effects, he would have repented it. To persecute an Ally (who desires no more than to continue in our Alliance) as an Enemy, is a weak, and barbarous Piece of Policy.

Persecution makes Men persevere in the right; and Persecution may make 'em persist in the wrong. Men may, by ill usage, be irritated sometimes to assert and maintain, even their very Errors. Perhaps there is a vicious Pride of triumphing in the worst of the Argument, which is very prevailing with the Vanity of Mankind: I cannot help thinking that our Author is not without his share of this Vanity. I think truly he had a fair appearance of Right on his side in the Title-Page of his Book; but with reason I think I may also affirm, that by his mis-management he has very much weak'ned his Title. He that goes to Law for more than his Right, makes his Pretensions, even to that which is his Right, suspected; as a true Story loses its Credit, when related from the Mouth of a known Lyar.

Mr.

Mr. *Collier's* many false Citations, make his true ones suspected; and his misapplication of his true Citations, very much arraign both his Judgment and Sincerity. His Authorities from the Fathers (with all due respect to them) are certainly no more to the purpose, than if he had cited the two *Attick* Laws against the Licentiousness of the Old Comedy; in truth not so much: For the Invectives of the Fathers, were levell'd at the Cruelty of the *Gladiators*, and the Obscenity of the *Pantomimes*. If some of them have confounded the *Drama* with such Spectacles, it was an oversight of Zeal very allowable in those days; and in the Infancy of Christianity, when the Religion of the Heathens was intermingled with their Poetry and Theatrical Representations: therefore Christians, then, might very well be forbidden to frequent even the best of them. As for our Theatres, *St. Austin* * and *Lactantius* † knew no more of them, than they did of the *Antipodes*; and they might with as much difficulty have been persuaded, that the former would in after-times be tolerated in a Christian State, as that the latter would be receiv'd for a manifest and common Truth, and made intelligible to the Capacity of every Child.

* *De Civit. Dei*. l. xvi. C. 9. † *De falsa sapient.* 23.

To what end has he made such a Bugbear of the Theatre? Why would he possess the Minds of weak and melancholick People with such frightful *Ideas* of a poor Play? Unless to sour the Humours of the People of most leisure, that they might be more apt to mis-employ their vacant hours. It may be there is not any where a People, who should less be debarr'd of innocent Diversions, than the People of *England*. I will not argue this Point; but I will strengthen my Observation with one Parallel to it from *Polybius*. That excellent Author, who always *moralizes* in his History, and *instructs* as faithfully as he *relates*, attributes the Ruin of *Cynethia* by the *Ætolians*, in plain Terms, to the degeneracy from their *Arcadian* Ancestors, in their neglect of Theatrical and Musical Performances. “ The *Cynethians* (says he) had
 “ their Situation the farthest *North* in all
 “ *Arcadia*; they were subjected to an inclement and uncertain Air, and for the most
 “ part cold and melancholick; and, for this
 “ reason, they of all People should last have
 “ parted with the innocent and wholesome
 “ Remedies, which the Diversions of Musick
 “ administred to that Sourness of Temper,
 “ and Sullenness of Disposition, which of
 “ necessity they must partake from the Disposition and Influence of their Climate: For
 “ they no sooner fell to neglect these whole-
 “ some

“ some Institutions, than they fell into Dis-
“ sensions and Civil Discords, and grew at
“ length into such depravity of Manners,
“ that their Crimes in number and measure
“ surpass’d all Nations of the *Greeks* beside.

“ He gives us to understand, that their
“ *Chorus’s* on the Theatres, their frequent
“ Assemblies of young People, Men and
“ Women, mingling in Musical Performan-
“ ces, were not instituted by their Ancestors
“ out of Wantonness and Luxury, but out
“ of Wisdom; from a deliberated and effe-
“ ctual Policy, and for the Reasons above
“ noted. Much more might be cited from
“ *Polybius*, who has made a very considerable
“ digression on this occasion.” *

The Application of what I have borrow’d
is very plain. Is there in the World a Cli-
mate more uncertain than our own? And,
which is a natural Consequence, is there any
where a People more unsteady, more apt to
discontent, more *saturnine*, *dark*, and *me-
lancholick* than our selves? Are we not of
all People the most unfit to be alone, and
most unsafe to be trusted with our selves?
Are there not more *Self-murderers*, and *me-
lancholick Lunaticks* in *England*, heard of
in one Year, than in a great part of *Europe*

* See, Sir Henry Sheers’s Translation, in two Volumes
8vo. Book IV. pag. 46 of the Second Volume.

besides?

besides? From whence are all our Sects, Schisms, and innumerable Subdivisions in Religion? Whence our Plots, Conspiracies, and Seditions? Who are the Authors and Contrivers of these things? Not they who frequent the Theatres and Concerts of Musick. No, if they had, it may be Mr. *Collier's* Invective had not been levell'd that way; his *Gun-Powder-Treason* Plot upon *Musick* and *Plays* (for he says *Musick is as dangerous as Gun-Powder*, p. 279.) had broke out in another Place, and all his *False-Witnesses* been summoned *elsewhere*.

I am, SIR, &c.

W. CONGREVE.

The END of the FIRST PART.



MEMOIRS, &c.

PART II.

IN the memorable Jubilee-Year of 1700, we lost Mr. *Dryden*, the greatest Genius this Nation ever produc'd, if we regard the several Species of Poetry in which he wrote. And being favour'd with some very curious Particulars relating to him and his Family hitherto unknown; I am of opinion, that the inserting of them in this Work cannot be any improper Digression; especially if it be consider'd how near a Connection they have with our Subject, from the most intimate Friendship in which Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Congreve* always liv'd, insomuch that he made him the sole Executor of his Fame.

These Memoirs were communicated to me by a Lady, now living, with whom Mr. *Dryden* corresponded under the Name of

A

Co-

Corinna, and which Name he himself gave her*.

SIR,

MR. *Dryden* was the Son of ——— *Dryden*, of an antient and good Family in *Norhamptonshire*, by a Sister of Sir *Gilbert Pickering*, Baronet, of the same County; who has a handsome Monument at *Tichmarsh*, erected in 1721, by the late Widow *Creed* of *Oundle*, the Daughter of another Sister of Sir *Gilbert's*, and Niece to the famous Earl of *Sandwich*, who was kill'd in the *Dutch War*, 1667, being then Admiral. He married Lady *Elsabeth Howard* (a celebrated Beauty) Daughter to the old Earl of *Berkshire*, Sister to Sir *Robert Howard*, Col. *Philip Howard*, and Mr. *Edward Howard* (who wrote *The British Prince*, &c.) she bore him three Sons, *Charles*, *John*, and *Harry*. He liv'd many Years in a very good House in *Gerrard-Street*, the 5th or 6th

* MADAM ——— “ Since you do me the Favour to desire a Name from me, take that of *Corinna*, if you please; I mean not the Lady with whom *Ovid* was in Love, but the famous *Theban* Poetess, who overcame *Pindar* five Times, as Historians tell us, &c.” ———

J. DRYDEN.

See Mr. *Dryden's* Letters to this Lady, annexed to Mr. *Pope's* Familiar Letters to *Henry Cromwell Esq*; vol. I. page 150.

William Congreve *Esq;*

3

Door on the Left-hand from *Newport Market*. On the 19th of *April* 1700, he said he had been very bad with the Gout, and an Erisipelas in one Leg; but he was then very well, and design'd to go soon abroad: But on the *Friday* following, he had eat a Partridge for his Supper; and going to take a Turn in the little Garden behind his House, was seized with a violent Pain under the Ball of the Great-Toe of his Right-Foot, that, unable to stand, he cried out for Help, and was carried in by his Servants; when, upon sending for Surgeons, they found a small black Spot in the Place affected: He submitted to their present Applications; and when gone, call'd his Son *Charles* to him, using these Words, "I know, says he, this
" black Spot is a Mortification; I know
" also, that it will seize my Head, and that
" they will cut off my Leg: But I command
" you, my Son, by your filial Duty, that you
" do not suffer me to be dismember'd."
As he, too truly, foretold, the Event prov'd; and his Son was too dutiful to disobey his Father's Commands. On the *Wednesday* Morning following, being *May-Day* 1700, under the most excruciating Dolours, he died. Dr. *Sprat*, then Bishop of *Rocheſter*, sent on the *Thursday* to Lady *Elſabeth*, that he would make a Present of the Ground, which was 40 *l.* with all the other Abbey-

Fees, &c. to his deceased Friend. Lord *Halifax* sent also to my Lady and Mr. *Charles*, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. *Dryden*, he would inter him with a Gentleman's private Funeral, and afterwards bestow 500 *l.* on a Monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the *Saturday* following the Company came, the Corps was put into a Velvet Hearse, and eighteen Mourning Coaches filled with Company attending. When just before they began to move, Lord *Jefferies*, with some of his rakish Companions, coming by, in Wine, ask'd whose Funeral? And being told; *What* cries he! *shall Dryden, the greatest Honour and Ornament of the Nation, be buried after this private Manner? No Gentlemen! let all that lov'd Mr. Dryden, and honour his Memory, alight, and join with me in gaining my Lady's Consent, to let me have the Honour of his Interment, which shall be after another manner than this, and I will bestow 1000 *l.* on a Monument in the Abbey for him.* The Gentlemen in the Coaches not knowing of the Bishop of *Rochester's* Favour, nor of Lord *Halifax's* generous Design, (these two noble Spirits having, out of Respect to the Family, enjoin'd Lady *Elisabeth* and her Son, to keep their Favour conceal'd to the World, and let it pass for

for her own Expence, &c.) readily came out of the Coaches, and attended Lord *Jefferies* up to the Lady's Bed-side, who was then sick: He repeated the Purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his Knees, vowing never to rise till his Request was granted. The rest of the Company, by his Desire, kneel'd also; she being naturally of a timorous Disposition, and then under a sudden Surprize, fainted away. As soon as she recover'd her Speech, she cry'd, No, NO. Enough, Gentlemen, reply'd he, (rising briskly) My Lady is very good, she says, Go, go. She repeated her former Words with all her Strength, but alas in vain! her feeble Voice was lost in their Acclamations of Joy! and Lord *Jefferies* order'd the Hearseman to carry the Corps to *Russell's*, an Undertaker in *Cheapside*, and leave it there, till he sent Orders for the Embalment, which, he added, should be after the Royal Manner. His Directions were obey'd, the Company dispersed, and Lady *Elisabeth* and Mr. *Charles* remained Inconsolable. Next Morning Mr. *Charles* waited on Lord *Hali-*
fax, &c. to excuse his Mother and self, by relating the real Truth: But neither his Lordship, nor the Bishop, would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the Ground open'd, the Choir attending, an Anthem ready set, and himself,

waiting, for some Hours, without any Corps to bury. *Russell*, after three Days Expectance of Orders for Embalment, without receiving any, waits on Lord *Jefferies*, who, pretending Ignorance of the Matter, turn'd it off with an ill-natur'd Jest, saying, *Those who observ'd the Orders of a drunken Frolick, deserv'd no better; that he remember'd nothing at all of it, and he might do what he pleas'd with the Corps.* On this Mr. *Russell* waits on Lady *Elisabeth* and Mr. *Dryden*: But alas, it was not in their power to answer. The Season was very hot, the Deceas'd had liv'd high and fast; and being corpulent, and abounding with gross Humours, grew very offensive. The Undertaker, in short, threatned to bring home the Corps, and set it before their Door. It cannot be easily imagin'd what Grief, Shame, and Confusion, seiz'd this unhappy Family. They begg'd a Day's Respite, which was granted. Mr. *Charles* wrote a very handsome Letter to Lord *Jefferies*, who return'd it with this cool Answer, *He knew nothing of the Matter, and would be troubled no more about it.* He then address'd the Lord *Halifax* and Bishop of *Rocheſter*, who were both too justly, tho' unhappily, incens'd, to do any thing in it. In this extream Distress, Dr. *Garth*, a Man who entirely lov'd Mr. *Dryden*, and was withal, a
Man

Man of Generosity, and great Humanity, sends for the Corps to the College of Physicians in *Warwick-Lane*, and propos'd a Funeral by Subscription, to which himself set a most noble Example: Mr. *Wycherley*, and several others, among whom, must not be forgotten, *Henry Cromwell Esq*; Captain *Gibbons*, and Mr. *Christopher Metcalfe*, Mr. *Dryden's* Apothecary and intimate Friend (since a Collegiate Physician) who with many others contributed most largely to the Subscription; and at last a Day, about three Weeks after his Decease, was appointed for the Interment at the Abbey. Dr. *Garth* pronounced a fine *Latin* Oration over the Corps at the College; but the Audience being numerous, and the Room large, it was requisite the Orator should be elevated, that he might be heard: But as it unluckily happen'd, there was nothing at hand but an old Beer-Barrel, which the Doctor with much Good-Nature mounted; and in the midst of his Oration, beating Time to the Accent with his Foot, the Head broke in, and his Feet sunk to the Bottom, which occasion'd the malicious Report of his Enemies, That he was turn'd a Tub-Preacher: However he finish'd the Oration with a superiour Grace and Genius, to the loud Acclamations of Mirth, which inspir'd the mix'd or rather Mob-Auditors. The Procession began to move, a numerous

Train of Coaches attended the Hearse: But good God in what Disorder, can only be express'd by a Sixpenny Pamphlet, soon after publish'd, entitled, *Dryden's Funeral*. At last the Corps arriv'd at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No Organ play'd, no Anthem sung; only two of the Singing Boys preceded the Corps, who sung an Ode of *Horace*, with each a small Candle in their Hand. The Butchers and other Mob broke in like a Deluge, so that only about eight or ten Gentlemen could get Admission, and those forc'd to cut the Way with their drawn Swords. The Coffin in this Disorder was let down into *Chaucer's* Grave, with as much Confusion, and as little Ceremony, as was possible; every one glad to save themselves from the Gentlemen's Swords, or the Clubs of the Mob. When the Funeral was over, *Mr. Charles* sent a Challenge to Lord *Jefferies*, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself, but could neither get a Letter deliver'd, nor Admittance to speak to him; which so justly incens'd him, that he resolv'd, since his Lordship refus'd to answer him like a Gentleman, he would watch an Opportunity to meet him, and fight off hand, tho' with all the Rules of Honour; which his Lordship hearing, left the Town, and *Mr. Charles* could never have the Satisfaction to meet him,

William Congreve Esq;

him, tho' he fought it till his Death with the utmost Application. This is the true State of the Case, and surely no Reflection to the Manes of this great Man.

Thus it is very plain, that his being buried by Contribution, was owing to a vile drunken Frolick of the Lord *Jefferies*, as I have related. Mr. *Dryden* enjoy'd himself in Plenty, while he liv'd, and the Surplusage of his Goods paid all his Debts. After his Decease, the Lady *Elsabeth*, his Widow, took a lesser House in *Sherrard-Street, Golden-Square*, and had wherewithal to live frugally, genteel, and keep two Servants, to the Day of her Death, by the means of a small Part of her Fortune, which her Relations had obliged Mr. *Dryden* to secure to her on Marriage: This was 80 *l. per Annum*, and duly paid at 20 *l. per Quarter*; so that I can assure you, there was no Want to her Dying-day. He had only three Sons, and all provided for like Gentlemen. Mr. *Charles* had served the PONTIFF of *Rome* above nine Years, in an honourable and profitable Post, as *Usher to the Palace*, out of which he had an handsome Stipend remitted, by his Brother *John*, whom, by the Pope's Favour, he left to officiate, while he came to visit his Father, who dying soon after his Arrival, he return'd no more to *Italy*,

Italy, but was unhappily drown'd at *Windsor* in swimming cross the River. Mr. *John* died in his Post at *Rome*, and *Harry*, the youngest, was a *Religious*; he had 30*l.* a Year allow'd by his College in *Flanders*, besides a generous Salary from his near Relation the, too well known, Dutchess of *Norfolk*, to whom he was domestick Chaplain. Behold the great Wants of this deplorable Family!

I am, Sir,
May 15,
1729.

Tours, &c.

CORINNA.

P. S. Mr. *Dryden* was educated at *Westminster* School, under the great Dr. *Busby*, being one of the King's Scholars upon the Royal Foundation.

In the Year 1709, *April* 7, the Comedy of *Love for Love* was acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, to compensate in some measure, a very great Loss which he had sustain'd. Mr. *Congreve*, not only upon this Occasion, but any other which at any time offer'd for the Service of Mr. *Betterton*, always exerted his friendly Offices to the utmost. "Those excellent Players, Mrs. *Barry*,
" Mrs.

“ Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, tho’
 “ not then concern’d in the House, acted
 “ on this Occasion: There has not been
 “ known so great a Concourse of Persons
 “ of Distinction as at that Time; the Stage
 “ itself was cover’d with Gentlemen and La-
 “ dies, and when the Curtain was drawn,
 “ it discover’d even there a very splendid
 “ Audience. This unusual Encouragement
 “ which was given to a Play for the Ad-
 “ vantage of so great an Actor, then gave
 “ an undeniable Instance, That the true Re-
 “ lish for manly Entertainments and rational
 “ Pleasures was not wholly lost. All the
 “ Parts were acted to Perfection; the Actors
 “ were careful of their Carriage, and no one
 “ was guilty of the Affectation to insert
 “ Witticisms of his own, but a due Respect
 “ was had to the Audience for encouraging
 “ this accomplish’d Player. * ” There was
 a Prologue suitable to the Occasion wrote
 by Mr. *Congreve*, and spoken by Mrs. *Brace-*
girdle, and an Epilogue by Mr. *Rowe*, spo-
 ken by Mrs. *Barry*. The former was never
 printed, but the latter, being the justest Com-
 pliment that could be paid Mr. *Betterton*,
 was publish’d at the Time, a Copy of which
 is as follows :

* See the TATLER, N^o. I.

EPILOGUE.

AS some brave *Knight*, who once with
Spear and Shield

Had fought Renown in many a well-fought
Field ;

But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd,
Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd :

There, if by chance, disastrous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,

And vows once more to succour the Distress'd,
Buckled in *Mail*, he sallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again :

So we, to former Leagues of Friendship
true,

Have bid once more our peaceful Homes
Adieu,

To aid old THOMAS, and to pleasure you.

Like errant Damsels, boldly we engage,

Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.

Time was, when this good Man no Help did
lack,

And scorn'd that any *She* should hold his
Back ;

But

William Congreve *Esq;*

113

But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.
You see what Failing Nature brings Man to;
And yet let none insult, for aught we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you.
Tho' old, you find, his Strength is not clean past,
But true as Steel he's Mettle to the last.
If better he perform'd in Days of *Tore*,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' present Praise be
dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of *ROSCIUS*, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *Shakespeare's* Ghost had ris'n to do him
Right.

With Indignation you had seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
Why are the Muses Labours cast away?
Why did I only write what only he could play?

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the
Waist.

But

But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd
 you meet,
 Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
 Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,
 Find something for him more than bare Applause;
 In just Remembrance of your Pleasures past,
 Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last.
 In Peace and Ease, Life's Remnant let him
 wear,
 And hang his consecrated Buskin * here.

But Mr. *Betterton* did not long share the Benefit of this well-intended Act of Generosity, his Afflictions had taken too strong Root in the Heart of a Man of his Spirit, and he died within little more than a Year afterwards. His Remains were decently interr'd in the Cloyster of *Westminster-Abbey*. But not the least Memorial is yet erected to his Merit, tho' it has been many Years talk'd of.

Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*, wrote at the Time, upon the Subject of Deaths of remarkable People, adds this Postscript, " This Letter of DEATHS,

* Pointing to the Top of the Stage.

" says,

“ says he, puts me in mind of poor Mr. *Bet-*
 “ *terton's*, over whom I would have this Sen-
 “ tence of *Tully* for an Epitaph.

VITA BENE ACTA, JUCUNDISSIMA EST
 RECORDATIO. *i. e.*

A Life well Acted, is the sweetest Re-
membrance.

This Sentence is justly applicable to the
 Man, without the Affectation of the Pun,
 as to the Word *Acted*, because the Person
 was a *Player*; and I hope so mean an Allu-
 sion could not be the Motive of Mr. *Pope's*
 Choice of the Phrase: But be it taken in
 whatsoever Sense the Reader pleases, I only
 wish Mr. *Pope* may live to repent of his
 malevolent Spleen, and thereby deserve the
 same Epitaph himself.

In the Year 1712, Mr. *Rowe* publish'd the
 following fine Piece of Humour, entitled
 The RECONCILEMENT, *viz,*

The

The RECONCILEMENT *between*
 Jacob Tonson and Mr. Congreve.
An Imitation of HORACE, *Book III.*
 Ode IX.

Ad L Y D I A M.

Donec gratus eram, &c.

TONSON.

WHILE at my House in *Fleet-street*
 once you lay,

How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?

While I partook your Wine, your Wit and
 Mirth,

I was the happiest Creature on God's *Tearth**.

CONGREVE.

While in your early Days of Reputation,

You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;

While yet you did not use, as now your
 Trade is,

To drink with noble Lords, and toast their
 Ladies;

* Tonson (*Sen.*) his *Dialect*.

William Congreve *Esq*

17

Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,

The chearfullest, best, honest Fellow living.

T O N S O N.

I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,

A most *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;

He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models,

And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills* :

For him, so much I doat on him, that I, If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

C O N G R E V E.

TEMPLE and DELAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

* BLENHEIM, the Seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

B

T O N S O N.

TONSON.

What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,
And once more warm my * *Bunyans* at your

Fire;

If I to *Bow-street* † should invite you Home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREVE, would you
come?

CONGREVE.

Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's De-
light;

Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a dancing Bear;
Yet for your Sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

In the Winter of 1713, Mr. *Rowe* like-
wise gave us the following Allusion from
Horace.

* JACOB's Term for his Corns.

† His Printing-House at that Time.

William Congreve Esq;

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HORACE, Book II. Ode IV.

Ad XANTHIAM.

Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

The Lord G——, to the Earl of S——.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To B———le the Brown;
But publicly espouse the Dame,
And say, G——D—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
Altho' right good Commanders;
Some who, with you, have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* * PEGG inflame
The sober Earl of N———m?
Of sober Sire descended,

* Signiora *Francisca Marguerita de l'Epine*, an Italian Songstress.

That careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-houses he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is hight,
Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,
Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph so Virtuous, be
Of base-born Blood suspected?

VII. Her

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waist, and taper Thigh,

I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?

My Lady Marchioness is nigh,

To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and forty.

I am in this Place most agreeably obliged to resume the Memoirs of Mr. *Dryden* and his Family, by the Receipt of two more Letters from CORINNA. And I am likewise to acquaint the Publick, that they had never seen these invaluable Papers, had it not been for a Passage of Mr. *Dennis*, wherein he has most scandalously and falsely affirmed, That
“ Mr. *Dryden* could never receive Encou-
“ ragement enough (from his Writings) to set
“ him intirely at Ease, died without leaving
“ enough behind him to inter him, and left

“ behind him a destitute and deplorable Family.” *

S I R,

UPON Recollection, I think it must have been that remarkably fine Gentleman, Pope CLEMENT XI. to whom Mr. *Charles Dryden* was *Usher of the Palace*. His Brother *John* died of a Fever at *Rome*, not many Months after his Father, and was buried there; whether before the Pope or after, I cannot say; but the Difference was not much. Mr. *Charles*, who was drowned at *Windsor* 1704, was doubtless buried there. Lady *Elisabeth* lived about eight Years after her Spouse, and for five Years of the Time, without any Memory, which she lost by a Fever in 1703; she was a melancholly Object, and was, by her Son *Harry*, as I was told, carried into the Country, where she died: What Country I never heard. I cannot certainly say where Mr. *Harry* died, or whether before his Mother or after.

Mr. *Dryden* never had any Wife, but Lady *Elisabeth*, whatever may have been reported.

* See his Remarks upon Mr. Pope's HOMER, pag. 7.

As he was a Man of a versatile Genius, he took great Delight in *Judicial Astrology*; tho' only by himself. There were some Incidents which proved his great Skill, that were related to Lady *Chudleigh* at the *Bath*, and which she desired me to ask Lady *Elizabeth* about, as I after did; which she not only confirmed, by telling me the exact Matter of Fact, but added another, which had never been told to any; and which I can solemnly aver was some Years before it came to pass. I purposely omitted these *Narratives* in the *Memoirs* of Mr. *Dryden*, lest that this over-witty Age, which so much ridicules *Prescience*, should think the worse of all the rest: But if you desire Particulars, they shall be freely at your Service.

I am, Sir,

Tours, &c.

CORINNA.

16 June,
1729.

The Narratives referr'd to in the foregoing Letter, viz.

NOTwithstanding Mr. *Dryden* was a great Master of that Branch of *Astronomy*, call'd *Judicial Astrology*, there were very few, scarce any, the most intimate of

his Friends, who knew of his Amusements that way, except his own Family. In the Year 1707, that deservedly celebrated Lady *Chudleigh*, being at the *Bath*, was told by the Lady *Elisabeth*, of a very surprising Instance of this Judgement on his eldest Son *Charles's* Horoscope. Lady *Chudleigh*, whose superiour Genius render'd her as little credulous on the Topick of *Prescience*, as she was on that of *Apparitions*; yet withal was of so candid and curious a Disposition, that she neither credited an attested Tale on the Quality or Character of the Relater, nor did she altogether despise it, tho' told by the most ignorant: Her steady Zeal for Truth always led her to search to the Foundation of it; and on that Principle, at her Return to *London*, she spoke to a Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance, that was well acquainted in Mr. *Dryden's* Family, to ask his Widow about it; which she accordingly did. It is true, Report had added many Incidents to Matter of Fact, but the real Truth take from Lady *Elisabeth's* own Mouth, in these Words.

“ When I was in Labour of *Charles*, Mr.
 “ *Dryden* being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his Watch on the Table, begging one of the Ladies, then present, in a
 “ most solemn Manner, to take an exact
 “ No.

“ Notice of the very Minute when the
“ Child was born : Which she did, and ac-
“ quainted him therewith. This pass’d with-
“ out any singular Notice; many Fathers
“ having had such a Fancy, without any far-
“ ther Thought. But about a Week after,
“ when I was pretty hearty, he comes into
“ my Room, *My Dear*, says he, *you lit-
tle think what I have been doing this Mor-
ning; nor ever shall, said I, unless you will
be so good to inform me. Why then, cry’d
he, I have been calculating this Child’s
Nativity, and in Grief I speak it, He was
born in an evil Hour; Jupiter, Venus, and
the Sun, were all under the Earth; and
the Lord of his Ascendant afflicted by a
hateful Square of Mars and Saturn. If he
lives to arrive at his eighth Year, he will go
near to die a violent Death on his very Birth-
Day; but if he should escape, as I see but
small Hopes, he will in his 23d Year be un-
der the very same evil Direction. And if
he should, which seems almost impossible, e-
scape that also, the 33d or 34th Year is I
fear—— I interrupted him here, O! Mr.
Dryden, what is this you tell me? my Blood
runs cold at your fatal Speech, recall it, I
beseech you. Shall my little Angel, my Dry-
den-Boy, be doom’d to so hard a Fate? Poor
Innocent, what hast thou done? No; I will
fold thee in my Arms, and if thou must
fall,*

fall, we will both perish together. A Flood of Tears put a stop to my Speech, and thro' Mr. *Dryden's* comfortable Persuasions, and the Distance of Time, I began to be a little appeased, but always kept the fatal Period in my Mind. At last the Summer arriv'd, *August* was the inauspicious Month in which my dear Son was to enter on his eighth Year. The Court being in Progress, and Mr. *Dryden* at leisure, he was invited to my Brother *Berkshire's* to keep the long Vacation with him at *Charleton* in *Wilt's*; I was also invited to my Uncle *Mordaunt's*, to pass the Remainder of the Summer at his Country-Seat. All this was well enough; but when we came to dividing the Children, I wou'd have had him took *John*, and let me have the Care of *Charles*; because, as I told him, a Man might be engaged in Company, but a Woman could have no Pretence for not guarding of the evil Hour. Poor Mr. *Dryden* was in this too absolute, and I was positive. In fine, we parted in Anger; and as a Husband always will be Master, he took *Charles*, and I was forc'd to be content with my Son *John*: But when the fatal Day approach'd, such Anguish of Heart seiz'd me, as none but a fond Mother can form any Idea of. I watch'd the Post; That fail'd; I wrote and wrote, but no Answer. Oh, my Friend, judge what I endured, terrified with Dreams,

Dreams, tormented by my Apprehensions. I abandon'd my self to Despair, and remained inconsolable.

The Anxiety of my Spirits occasioned such an Effervescence of my Blood, as threw me into so violent a Fever, that my Life was despaired of, when a Letter came from my spouse, reproving my Womanish Credulity, and assured me all was well, and the Child in perfect Health; on which I mended daily, and recovered my wonted State of Ease, till about six Weeks after the fatal Day, I received an *Eclaircissement* from Mr. *Dryden*, with a full Account of the whole Truth, which belike he fear'd to acquaint me with till the Danger was over. It was this: In the Month of *August*, being *Charles's* Anniversariy, it happen'd that Lord *Berkshire* had made a general Hunting-Match, to which were invited all the adjacent Gentlemen; Mr. *Dryden* being at his House, and his Brother-in-law, could not be dispensed with from appearing.

I have told you, that Mr. *Dryden*, either through fear of being thought *superstitious*, or thinking it a *Science* beneath his Study, was extremely cautious in letting any one know that he was a *Dabler* in *Astrology*, therefore could not excuse his Absence from the

the Sport; but he took care to set the Boy a double Exercise in the *Latin* Tongue (which he taught his Children himself) with a strict Charge not to stir out of the Room 'till his Return, well knowing the Task he had set him would take up longer Time. Poor Charles was all Obedience, and sat close to his Duty, when, as ill Fate ordained, the Stag made towards the House. The Noise of the Dogs, Horns, &c. alarm'd the Family to partake of the Sport, and one of the Servants coming down stairs, the Door being open, saw the Child hard at his Exercise without being moved. Master, cried the Fellow, *why do you sit there? Come down, come down, and see the Sport.* No, reply'd Charles, *my Papa has forbid me, and I dare not.* Piss quoth the Clown, *Vather shall never know it:* so takes the Child by the Hand, and leads him away, when just as they came to the Gate, the Stag, being at Bay with the Dogs, cut a bold Stroke, and leap'd over the Court-Wall, which was very low and very old, and the Dogs following, threw down at once a part of the Wall ten Yards in length, under which my dear Child lay buried. He was as soon as possible dug out; but, alas! how mangled! his poor little Head being crush'd to a perfect Mash. In this miserable Condition he continued above six Weeks, without the least Hope of Life. Thro

the

the divine Providence he recover'd, and in
process of Time, having a most advantage-
ous Invitation to *Rome* from my Uncle Car-
dinal *Howard*, we sent over our two Sons
Charles and *John*; (having thro' the Grace
of God been our selves admitted into the
true *Catholick Faith*;) They were received
with great Honour and Generosity of
his Eminence, and *Charles* immediately plant-
ed in a Post of Honour, as *Gentleman-Usher* to
his Holiness, in which he continu'd about nine
Years. But what occasions me to mention this,
is in allusion to my dear Mr. *Dryden's* too fatal
prediction. In his 23d Year, being in perfect
Health, he had attended some Ladies of the
Palace, his Holiness's Nieces, as it was his
place, on a Party of Pleasure: his Brother *John*
and he lodg'd together, at the Top of an old
Round Tower belonging to the *Vatican*, (with
a Well-Stair-Case, much like the *Monument*)
When he knew his Brother *Charles* was return'd,
he went up, thinking to find him there, and to
go to Bed. But alas! no Brother was there:
on which he made a strict Enquiry at all the
places he used to frequent, but no News,
more, than that he was seen by the Centinel
to go up the Stair-Case. On which he got an
Order for the Door of the Foundation of the
Tower to be open'd, where they found my poor
unfortunate Son *Charles* mash'd to a Mummy,
and weltering in his own Blood. How this hap-
pened,

pened, he gave no farther Account, when he could speak, than, that the Heat of the Day had been most excessive, and as he came to the *Top of the Tower*, he found himself seiz'd with a Megrim, or swimming in his Head, and leaning against the Iron Rails, 'tis to be supposed, tipp'd over, five Stories deep. Under this grievous Misfortune, his *Holiness* (God bless him) omitted nothing that might conduce to his Recovery; but as he lay many Months without Hopes of Life, so when he did recover his Health, it was always very imperfect, and he continues still to be of a headtick Disposition.

You see here, continued Lady *Elisabeth* the too true fulfilling of two of my dear Husband's fatal Predictions. But alas! my Friend, there is a third to come, which is that in his 33d or 34th Year, he or I shall die a violent Death; but he could not say which would go first; I heartily pray it may be my self: But as I have ten thousand Fears the daily Challenges *Charles* sends to Lord *Jefferies*, on his ungenerous Treatment of my dear Mr. *Dryden's* Corps, and as he has some Value for you, I beg, my dearest Friend, that you would dissuade him as much as you can from taking that Sort of Justice on Lord *Jefferies* lest it should fulfil his dear Father's Prediction.

Thus far Lady *Elisabeth's* own Words.

This, if required, I can solemnly attest was long before Mr. *Charles* died: to the best of my Remembrance it was in 1701 or 1702, I will not be positive which. But in 1703, Lady *Elisabeth* was seiz'd with a nervous Fever, which deprived her of her Memory and Understanding, (which surely may be term'd a moral Death) tho' she lived some Years after. But Mr. *Charles* in August 1704 was unhappily drowned at *Windsor*, as before recited. He had, with another Gentleman, swam twice over the *Thames*; but venturing a third time, it was suppos'd he was taken with the Cramp, because he call'd out for Help, tho' too late.

I am, Sir, &c.

June 18,
1719.

CORINNA.

MR. CHARLES DRYDEN'S LETTER
TO CORINNA.

Madam,

NOTWITHSTANDING I have been seized with a Fever ever since I saw you last, I have this Afternoon endeavour'd to do my self the Honour of obeying my Lady *Chudleigh's* Commands. My Fever is still increasing, and I beg you to peruse the following Verses

Verſes according to your own Senſe and Diſcretion, which far ſurpaſſes mine in all reſpects. In a ſmall Time of Intermiſſion from my Illneſs, I writ theſe following.

Madam,

How happy is our *British* Iſle to bear
Such Crops of Wit and Beauty to the Fair?
A *female Muſe* each vying Age has bleſt,
And the laſt *Phœnix* ſtill excels the reſt:
But you ſuch ſolid Learning add to Rhimes,
Your *Senſe* looks fatal to ſucceeding Times;
Which, rais'd to ſuch a Pitch, o'erflows like
Nile,

And with an After-dearth muſt ſeize our Iſle.
Alone of all your Sex, without the Rules
Of formal Pedants, or the noiſy Schools;
(What Nature has beſtow'd will Art ſupply)
Have trac'd the various Tracts of dark Philo-
ſophy.

What happy Days had wiſe AURELIUS ſeen
If, for FAUSTINA, you his Wife had been?
No jarring Nonſenſe had his Soul oppreſs'd,
For he with all he wiſh'd for had been bleſs'd.

Be pleas'd to tell me what you find amiss;
or correct it yourself, and excuse this Trouble
from

Your most humble

and most obedient Servant,

CHAR. DRYDEN.

I have search'd all our *Ecclesiastical Of-*
fices for the WILL of Mr. *Dryden*, but I
find he did not make any; ADMINISTRATION
was granted to his Son *Charles* (his
Wife, the Lady *Elisabeth Howard*; being a
Lunatick for some time before her Death)
in June 1700.

I shall now close all with the Character
of this Great Man's Person and Abilities, as
drawn up by Mr. *Congreve*, before a new
Edition of his PLAYS, in six Volumes in
Duodecimo, address'd to his Grace the Duke
of *Newcastle*. By what Fatality it was this
Noble Lord had not the Honour of erecting
a Monument to Mr. *Dryden's* Memory, but
that it should devolve upon his Grace of
Buckinghamshire, I dare not take upon me
to determine.

C

"AS

“ **A**S I had the Happiness (says Mr. Con-
 “ greve) to be very conversant, and as
 “ intimately acquainted with Mr. *Dryden*, as
 “ the great Disproportion in our Years could
 “ allow me to be; I hope it will not be
 “ thought too assuming in me, if in Love to
 “ his Memory, and in Gratitude for the ma-
 “ ny friendly Offices, and favourable Instruc-
 “ tions, which in my early Youth I receiv’d
 “ from him, I take upon me to make this
 “ publick Acknowledgment to your Grace,
 “ for so publick a Testimony as you are
 “ pleas’d to give the World of that high E-
 “ steem in which you hold the Performances
 “ of that eminent Man.

“ Whoever shall censure me, I dare be
 “ confident, You, my Lord, will excuse me,
 “ for any thing that I shall say, with due
 “ Regard to a Gentleman, for whose Person
 “ I had as just an Affection, as I have an
 “ Admiration of his Writings. And indeed
 “ Mr. *Dryden* had personal Qualities to chal-
 “ lenge both Love and Esteem from all who
 “ were truly acquainted with him.

“ He was of a Nature exceeding humane
 “ and compassionate; easily forgiving Inju-
 “ ries, and capable of a prompt and sincere
 “ Recon-

“Reconciliation with them who had of-
“fended him.

“Such a Temperament is the only solid
“Foundation of all moral Virtues and socia-
“ble Endowments. His Friendship, where
“he profess’d it, went much beyond his
“Professions; and I have been told of strong
“and generous Instances of it, by the Per-
“sons themselves who received them: tho’
“his hereditary Income was little more than
“a bare Competency.

“As his Reading had been very exten-
“sive, so was he very happy in a Memory
“tenacious of every Thing that he had read.
“He was not more possess’d of Knowledge,
“than he was communicative of it. But
“then his Communication of it was by no
“means pedantic, or impos’d upon the Con-
“versation; but just such, and went so far,
“as by the natural Turns of the Discourse
“in which he was engag’d, it was necessa-
“rily promoted or requir’d. He was extreme
“ready and gentle in his Correction of the
“Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to
“consult him; and full as ready and pa-
“tient to admit of the Reprehension of o-
“thers, in respect of his own Oversight or
“Mistakes. He was of very easy, I may
“say, of very pleasing Access. But some-
“thing

“ thing slow, and as it were diffident in his
 “ Advances to others. He had something
 “ in his Nature that abhorr'd Intrusion into
 “ any Society whatsoever. Indeed it is to
 “ be regretted, that he was rather blameable
 “ in the other Extream; for by that means,
 “ he was personally less known, and conse-
 “ quently his Character might become liable
 “ both to Misapprehensions and Misrepre-
 “ sentations.

“ To the best of my Knowledge and Ob-
 “ servation, he was, of all the Men that ever
 “ I knew, one of the most modest, and the
 “ most easily to be discountenanc'd in his
 “ Approaches, either to his Superiors, or
 “ his Equals.

“ I have given your Grace this slight Sketch
 “ of his personal Character, as well to vin-
 “ dicate his *Memory*, as to justify myself for
 “ the Love which I bore to his *Person*.

“ As to his *Writings*, I may venture to
 “ say, in general Terms, that no Man hath
 “ written in our Language so much, and so
 “ various Matter, and in so various Manners
 “ so well. Another Thing I may say was
 “ very peculiar to him; which is, that his
 “ Parts did not decline with his Years: But
 “ that he was an improving Writer to the
 “ last

“ last, even to near Seventy Years of Age;
 “ improving even in Fire and Imagination,
 “ as well as in Judgment: Witness his ODE
 “ on St. *Cecilia's* Day, and his FABLES *
 “ his latest Performances.

“ He was equally excellent in Verse and
 “ in Prose: His Prose had all the Clearness
 “ imaginable, together with all the Noble-
 “ ness of Expression; all the Graces and Or-
 “ naments proper and peculiar to it, with-
 “ out deviating into the Language or Diction
 “ of Poetry. I make this Observation on-
 “ ly to distinguish his Stile from that of
 “ many Poetical Writers, who meaning to
 “ write harmoniously in Prose, do in truth
 “ often write meer Blank Verse.

“ I have heard him frequently own with
 “ Pleasure, that if he had any Talent for
 “ *English* Prose, it was owing to his having
 “ often read the Writings of the great Arch-
 “ bishop TILLOTSON.

“ His Versification and his Numbers he
 “ could learn of no body: For he first pos-
 “ sess'd those Talents in Perfection in our

* Ancient and Modern, from HOMER, OVID, BOCCACE,
 CHAUCER, &c.

“ Tongue. And they who have best suc-
 “ ceded in them since his Time, have been
 “ indebted to his Example; and the more
 “ they have been able to imitate him, the
 “ better have they succeeded.

“ As his Stile in Prose is always specifi-
 “ cally different from his Stile in Poetry; so,
 “ on the other hand, in his Poems, his Diction
 “ is, wherever his Subject requires it, so sub-
 “ limely, and so truly Poetical, that its Ef-
 “ fence, like that of pure Gold, cannot be
 “ destroy’d. Take his Verses, and divest them
 “ of their Rhimes, disjoint them in their
 “ Numbers, transpose their Expressions, make
 “ what Arrangement and Disposition you
 “ please of his Words, yet shall there eter-
 “ nally be Poetry, and something which will
 “ be found incapable of being resolv’d into
 “ absolute Prose: An incontestible Characte-
 “ ristic of a truly poetical Genius.

“ I will say but one Word more in ge-
 “ neral of his Writings, which is, that what
 “ he has done in any one *Species*, or *distinct*
 “ Kind, would have been sufficient to have
 “ acquir’d him a great Name. If he had
 “ written nothing but his *Prefaces*, or no-
 “ thing but his *Songs*, or his *Prologues*, each
 “ of them would have entitl’d him to the
 “ Preference and Distinction of excelling in
 “ his Kind.”

Such was Mr. *Dryden*, and such the Bequest he left to Mr. *Congreve*.

Be kind to my REMAINS, and O defend,
Against your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not th'insulting Foe my *Fame* pursue,
But shade those *Laurels* which descend to you:
And take for Tribute what these Lines express;
You merit more, nor could *my Love* do less.

J. DRYDEN. *

Not the least Memorial was erected over the Remains of Mr. DRYDEN for above twenty Years; insomuch that Sir *Samuel Garth* most pathetically complain'd, That "the Man who could make Kings immortal, and raise triumphal Arches to Heroes, "wanted a poor square Foot of Stone to "show where the Ashes of one of the greatest Poets that ever was upon Earth were "deposited. †

* See Mr. *Dryden's* VERSES to Mr. *Congreve* on his DOUBLE DEALER.

† See his Preface to his Translation of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

But at length that Blemish upon our Nation was wiped off, by the Generosity of his Grace the late Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, who erected, next to Mr. *Cowley's*, a very neat and plain Monument, the more beautiful for its Plainness, and containing only this sufficient Inscription :

J. D R Y D E N

Natus 1632. Mortuus May 1. 1700.

JOHANNES SHEFFIELD,

DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS

POSUIT. 1720.



William Congreve *Esq;*

41

AN
ESSAY

Concerning

HUMOUR *in* COMEDY.

To Mr. D****.

Dear SIR,

YOU write me, that you have entertain'd your self two or three Days, with reading several Comedies, of several Authors; and your Observation is, that there is more of *Humour* in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comick Poets, Ancient or Modern. You desire to know my Opinion, and at the same time my Thoughts, of that which is generally call'd *Humour* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *English* Writers, in that Particular.
But

But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humour*, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true *Humour*, has not been so often written even by them as is generally believed: And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be Communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a *Dictator*, you shall have from me, since you have injoin'd it.

To define *Humour*, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define *Wit*; for like that, it is of infinite variety. To enumerate the several *Humours* of Men, were a Work as endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my mind the *Quot homines, tot Sententiae*, [so many Men, so many Minds.] might have been more properly interpreted of *Humour*; since there are many Men, of the same *Opinion* in many things, who are quite different in *Humours*. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is, or what *Humour* is, yet we may go near to shew something, which is not *Wit*,
or

or not *Humour*; and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned *Wit* and *Humour* together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit* is often mistaken for *Humour*.

I have observed, that when a few things have been Wittily and Pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to say, *Such a Thing is very Humourously spoken: There is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be, surprizingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of *Humour*, which indeed is a Character of *Wit*. But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things *Humourously*, as they call it, which is *Pleasantly* spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of *Humour*, distinguish'd by the particular and different *Humours*, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise, from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of *Humourous Things*, doth not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allow'd to speak them. From a *Witty Man* they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to stumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make

make a Difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humour*; yet I do not think that *Humourous Characters* exclude *Wit*: No, but the Manner of *Wit* should be adapted to the *Humour*. As for Instance; a Character of a Splenetick and Peevish *Humour*, should have a Satyrical *Wit*. A Jolly and Sanguine *Humour*, should have a Facetious *Wit*. The Former should speak Positively; the Latter, Carelessly: For the former observes and shews Things as they are; the latter, rather over-looks Nature, and speaks Things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humour* have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, so, its opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humour*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion, this is a Character of *Humour*.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, stuff'd with such Grotesque-Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently as such, should be stifled, and
huddled

huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins* ; that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like *Species*. For my part, I am as willing to laugh, as any body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous : but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections ; tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not Originally of a distinct *Species*. As I don't think *Humour* exclusive of *Wit*, neither do I think it inconsistent with *Folly* ; but I think the Follies should be only such, as Mens *Humours* may incline 'em to ; and not Follies intirely abstracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes, *Personal Defects* are misrepresented for *Humours*.

I mean sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing Natural Deformities, Casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes by shewing a Man Deform'd, or Deaf, or Blind, to give them

them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to anybody, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's FOX*, have justly excepted against this immoral Part of *Ridicule* in *CORBACCIO's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true *Humour* in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often mistaken for *Humour*.

By *External Habit* I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in some received Characters. (But undoubetdly a Man's *Humour* may incline him to dress differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think That a *Humour*, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom; for by a Dis-use or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off or diversify'd.

Affectation is generally mistaken for *Humour*.

These

These are indeed so much alike, that at a Distance they may be mistaken one for the other. For what is *Humour* in one, may be *Affectation* in another; and nothing is more common, than for some to affect particular Ways of saying, and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. *Humour* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, shews *Humour* at the Second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them, by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. *Humour* I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us, by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, naturalized.

Humour is from Nature, *Habit* from Custom; and *Affectation* from Industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit,

Habit, shews us, as we *appear*, under a forcible Impression.

Affectation, shews what we *would be*, under a voluntary Disguise.

Tho' here I would observe by the way, that a *continued Affectation* may in time become a *Habit*.

The Character of MOROSE in the *Silent-Woman*, I take to be a Character of *Humour*. And I chuse to instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your self hinted some Dislike of it, for the same Reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's Plays*.

Let us suppose MOROSE to be a Man naturally splenetick and melancholly; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enow in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this *Humour*, in little, every day. 'Tis ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discomposed and startled at the Cutting
of

of a Cork, or scratching a Plate with a Knife : It is a Proportion of the same *Humour*, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well! but MOROSE, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, It is his Excess of this *Humour*, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that *Humour*, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemned the Author, for exposing a *Humour*, which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented, to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observed in *Wit*, as some would have it in *Humour*, what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length, from the *extempore* Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the Purpose :

D

The

The Character of Sir John Daw in the same Play, is a Character of *Affectation*. He every where discovers an *Affectation* of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraso* in the *EUNUCH* of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *MILES GLORIOSUS* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now such a Boasting of Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humour*; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only *affected* in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *COB* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the Under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair* discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not *Humours*, but *Habits* contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be rang'd all Country-Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such like; who make use of *Cant* or peculiar *Dialects* in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for

for the Composition of such a Character : For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different natures. Some late Characters of this Kind have been very successful ; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour ; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true *Humour* cannot be shewn without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search, to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples ; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject : And I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that *Humour* is neither *Wit*, nor *Folly*, nor *personal Defect*, nor *Affectation*, nor *Habit* ; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for *Humour*.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of *Humour*, much more

to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I will tell you what serves me instead of either. I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable Manner of doing, saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.*

Our *Humour* has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance; it is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused thro' all; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument may be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it are never so various, and the Divisions never so many. Dissimulation, may by degrees become more easy to our Practice; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: It will always be in some proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his *Humour*; and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made sensible of

tha

that Difficulty. Sometimes, one shall meet with those, who, perhaps, innocently enough, at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful?* then instead of answering, could I ask such a one, *Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this day. Some weep, and others laugh, at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of *Anger*, which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the *Humour* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various; one Man has a *Humour* of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns all he has made Proclamation of it, and must make other People sensible of his Happiness,

before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief, and other Passions, Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several *Humours* are infinitely different; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the *Humour* of the Fair Sex; since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true *Humour* in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex, to let *Humour* have its Course; or may be, by reason of their natural Coldness, *Humour* cannot exert itself to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think, that the Diversity of *Humour*, which must be allow'd to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedy. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the *Difference* of *Humours*, I believe we shall find the contra-

ry. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar *Humour*; yet every Man has it not in quantity to become Remarkable by it: Or, if many do become Remarkable by their *Humours*; yet all those *Humours* may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what *Humour* will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by *opposing* other *Humours* to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment sometimes, Mens *Humours* may be opposed when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the same, in one than t'other, occasion'd by his having more Flegm or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their *Humours* derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject; tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely New, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private *Essay*, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more Judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being

a little acquainted with the scarcity of true *Humour*, and the difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't say but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from *Affectation*, and those other Qualities, which I have endeavoured to distinguish from *Humour*: but I would not have such imposed on the World for *Humour*, nor esteem'd of equal Value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct *Humour*. Therefore every Poet must be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters; who does not shew one true *Humour* in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mentioned at the beginning of my Letter, viz. That there is more of *Humour* in our
English

English Comick Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon *Humour* to be almost of *English* Growth; at least, it does not seem to have found such increase on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the Common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a *Humour*, is under no restraint, or fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be will shew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascrib'd to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that.

Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humour*, to my power of expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you; being, without Reserve,

Your real Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

THE
HUMOURS of *Tunbridge-Wells,*

Described:

To the SAME.

Dear SIR,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promise. Indeed I waited in Expectation of something that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters; but you represent the Town so agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of conceit with the Country, and my Designs of making Observations upon it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I proposed to my self the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleasures of the Place to you: But if I keep my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters; since I must own I have met with nothing else so truly delightful. When you suppose the Country agreeable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it should be so, that while I read
your

your Letter, I am of your mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landscape which you have drawn. So that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town. As, if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this, I must tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable; but the greater Part is of that Sort, who at home converse only with their own Relations; and consequently, when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profess my self an Enemy to Detraction: And who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the Pretence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wish for you very often, that I might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean, Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every body has the Appetite of an Ostrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, so I believe at Noon they could digest Iron.

But

But sure you will laugh at me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, when, to your knowledge, the greatest part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now without taking Pains to be so, or to make other People so; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but sure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of Lampoons could croud together such Quantities of execrable Verses, tagg'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly seen sent from this Place. But I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hippocrene*. What if we should get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Cistern at *Will's* Coffee-house for an Experiment? But I am extravagant.—Tho' I remember *Ben Johnson*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of Opinion that something very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new should appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are
now

now and then some Wind falls at this Time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the Time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears of Summer-Flies, small Poets. Cuckows have this Time allow'd them to sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births: Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different Time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and prophane the Days of *Jubilee*, with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-Letter, and run into length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally go) should add to the Fault. Be-

Besides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that I am,

Your real Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

How naturally has Mr. CONGREVE describ'd these different Kinds of *Humour*! Our Scene now changes to LOVE and the FAIR. A Fate entail'd on all the Race of *Adam*. A venerable *Bard* almost Coremporary with CHAUCER, hath thus truly de-painted it.

Desaunt and Deer feeleth *estloons* Love's
Flapl,
 And from the Princess to the Milking-
 Papt.

Under this *Article* of AMOUR, I am sensible the ill-natur'd World expect much Scandal, tho' they will find nothing but the most elegant and polite Conversation. But I must observe that our Author from his first Entrance into the World, was always as fond of Quality, as they are of tainted Wild-Fowl or Venison, and the Metaphor may be pursu'd, he generally found their Constitutions much more

more corrupted than their Food: One fatal Instance of which, he experienc'd in that notorious Lady of Intrigue, the Viscountess of F. however on her Soul, *Jhesu have mercie.*

How many fine Gentlemen have ruin'd their Constitutions by forsaking a *wholesome Country Hunting Match* for a *Chace behind the Scenes*, which almost universally terminates in a *Powdering-Tub*. But this Topick is best clos'd with Mr. *Dryden's* just Sentiment, The Cause of *Love* can never be assign'd, 'Tis in no *Face*, but in the *Lover's Mind*.

L E T T E R

From Mr. CONGREVE at Windsor, to
Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT at Epsom.

ANGEL!

THERE can be no stronger Motive to bring me to *Epsom*, or to the North of *Scotland*, or to *Paradise*, than your being in any of those Places; for you make every place alike Heavenly where-ever you are. And I believe if any thing could cure me of a natural Infirmary, seeing and hearing you *

* See, his Verses on her SINGING, among his Poems.

would

would be the surest Remedy; at least I should forget that I had any thing to complain of, while I had so much more reason to rejoice. I should certainly, had I been at my own Disposal, have immediately taken Post for *Epsom*, upon Receipt of your Letter; but I have a Nurse here, who has Dominion over me, a most unmerciful *She-Afs*. BALAAM was allow'd an *Angel* to his *Afs*, I'll pray, if that will do any good, for the same Grace. I would have set out upon my *Afs*, to have waited upon you, but I was afraid I should have been a tedious while in coming, having great Experience of the Slowness of that Beast; For you must know, I am making my Journey towards Health upon that Animal, and I find I make such slow Advances, that I despair of arriving at you, or any great Blessing, till I am capable of using some more expeditious means. I could tell you of a great Inducement to bring you to *this* Place, but I am sworn to *Secrecy*; however, if you were *here*, I would contrive to make you of the *Party*. I'll expect you, as a good Christian may every thing that he devoutly prays for. I am, Madam, your everlasting Adorer,

W. CONGREVE.

The NOVEL I mention'd in the *first* Part of these Memoirs, pag. 20 is intitled INCOGNITA: or, *Love and Duty* reconcil'd. This most ingenious Piece he publish'd *Incog.* Addressing it to the Honoured and worthily Esteemed Mrs. *Katherine Leveson*, under the Name of CLEOPHIL, viz.

MADAM,

A clear Wit, sound Judgement, and a merciful Disposition, are things so rarely united, that it is almost inexcusable to entertain them with any thing less excellent in its kind. My knowledge of you were a sufficient Caution to me to avoid your Censure of this Trifle, had I not as entire a Knowledge of your Goodness. Since I have drawn my Pen for a *Rencontre*, I think it better to engage, where tho' there be Skill enough to disarm me, there is too much Generosity to wound; for so shall I have the saving Reputation of an unsuccessful Courage, if I can't make it a drawn Battle. But methinks the Comparison intimates something of a Defiance, and favours of Arrogance; wherefore, since I am conscious to my self of a Fear which I can't put off, let me use the Policy of Cowards, and lay this Novel unarm'd, naked and shivering,

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at your Feet, so that if it should want Merit to challenge Protection, yet, as an Object of Charity it may move Compassion. It has been some Diversion to me to write it, I wish it may prove such to you, when you have an Hour to throw away in reading of it: But this Satisfaction I have at least before hand, that in its greatest failings it may fly for Pardon to that Indulgence which you owe to the Weakness of your Friend; a Title which I am proud you have thought me worthy of, and which I think can alone be superiour to that, of your most humble, and obliged Servant,

CLEOPHIL

ROMANCES, says Mr. *Congreve*, are generally compos'd of the constant Loves and invincible Courages of Heroes, Heroines, Kings and Queens; Mortals of the first Rank and so forth; where lofty Language, miraculous Contingencies and impossible Performances, elevate and surprize the Reader into a giddy Delight, which leaves him flat upon the ground wherever he gives off, and vexes him to think how he has suffer'd himself to be pleased and transported, concerned and afflicted at the several Passages which he has read, *viz.* these Knights Success to their Damosels Misfortunes, and such like, when he is forced to be

be very well convinced that 'tis all a lye. NOVELS are of a more familiar Nature; come near us, and represent to us Intrigues in practice, delight us with Accidents and odd Events, but not such as are wholly unusual or unprecedented, which not being so distant from our Belief bring also the Pleasure nearer us. Romances give more Wonder; Novels more Delight. And with reverence be it spoken, and the Parallel kept at a due distance, there is something of Equality in the Proportion, which they bear in reference to one another, with that between Comedy and Tragedy; but the *Drama* is the long extracted Labour from Romance and History: 'Tis the Midwife to Industry, and brings forth alive the Conceptions of the Brain. *Minerva* walks upon the Stage before us, and we are more assured of the real Presence of Wit, when it is delivered *viva voce*——

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, &
quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*——

Horace.

Since all Traditions must indisputably give place to the *Drama*, and since there is no Possibility of giving that Life to the Writing or Repetition of a Story which it has in the
E 2 Action,

Action, I resolved in another Beauty to imitate *Dramatic* Writing, namely, in the Design, Contexture and Result of the Plot. I have not observed it before in a NOVEL. Some I have seen begin with an unexpected Accident, which has been the only surprising Part of the Story, Cause enough to make the Sequel look flat, tedious and insipid; for 'tis but reasonable the Reader should expect it not to rise, at least to keep upon a level in the Entertainment; for so he may be kept on in hopes that at some time or other it may mend: but the other is such a bask to a Man, 'tis carrying him up stairs to show him the Dining-Room, and after forcing him to make a Meal in the Kitchen. This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but also have used a Method for the contrary Purpose. The Design of this NOVEL is obvious, after the first meeting of *Aurelian* and *Hippolito*, with *Incognita* and *Leonora*, the difficulty is in bringing it to pass, maugre all apparent Obstacles, within the compass of two Days. How many probable Casualties intervene in opposition to the main Design, *viz.* of marrying two Couple so oddly engaged in an intricate Amour, I leave the Reader at his leisure to consider: As also whether every Obstacle does not in the Progress of the Story act as subservient to that Purpose, which at first it seems to oppose.

In a Comedy this would be called the Unity of Action; here it may pretend to no more than an Unity of Contrivance. The Scene is continued in *Florence* from the Commencement of the Amour; and the time from first to last is but three Days. If there be any thing more in particular resembling the Copy which I imitate (as the curious Reader will soon perceive) I leave it to show it self, being very well satisfy'd how much more proper it had been for him to have found out this himself, than for me to prepossess him with an Opinion of something extraordinary in an Essay began and finished in the idler Hours of a Fortnight's time: For I can only esteem it a laborious Idleness, which is Parent to so inconsiderable a Birth.

The Reader will easily perceive, that Mr. *Congreve* intimates above, as if this NOVEL were a Translation; but I can assure him, it is an Original; and I stand oblig'd, for a judicious Extract of it, to the most ingenious CORINNA.

INCOGNITA:

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LOVE and DUTY Reconcil'd.

AURELIAN was the only Son of a *Florentine* Nobleman, whose great Estate and paternal Indulgence made him spare no Cost in his Education; so that at Eighteen he was esteem'd one of the politest Cavaliers in *Florence*: To which the Beauty of his Person, and Gracefulness of his Motions and Air, contributed not a little. He had been educated from twelve Years old at *Sienna*, a Place much frequented by Foreigners, as well for the delectable Situation, as the Purity of the Air and Language. This gave *Aurelian* the Advantage of an early and free Conversation with the brightest young Gentlemen of several Nations; among whom

he

he contracted an entire Friendship; above all the rest, with a noble *Spaniard*, named *Hippolito*, and Nephew to the Archbishop of *Toledo*, whose Years, Inclinations and Accomplishments, so exactly sympathiz'd with his own, that they were scarce ever asunder, or truly relish'd any Divertisement divided from each other.

Aurelian's Father, *Don Fabio*, with pleasure heard the growing Praises of his Son; and fancying, as some good old Men do, that his Youth was renewed in him, gave Orders to his Steward at *Sienna* (where he had a large Estate) not to limit his Son's Expences in any thing. Some invidious Persons have said, this was only a politick Feint of the Father, to try the natural Bent of his Inclination and prudent Menage betimes: Be that as it may, 'tis certain it gave *Aurelian* the Advantage of shewing himself in a true Light, and conferring many well-tim'd Benefits on Strangers, who not only loudly extoll'd the Generosity of his Disposition at their Return, but the distinguishing Judgment with which he selected the Objects of his Favour.

Hippolito, who had now finished the Course of his two Years Study, under his Governour *Don Claudio*, was recall'd by his

Uncle, to the mutual Grief of the two Friends. But as there is no resisting the Commands of our Superiours, *Aurelian* took a Resolution as tender as it was manly. He knew *Hippolito* had never seen *Florence*, and therefore prevail'd with him to take that Rout, adding he wou'd not only bear him Company thither, but if possible obtain his Father's Leave to travel along with him. *Hippolito* not a little pleas'd with this kind Proffer of his Friend, they set out together. But not reaching *Florence* the same Night, they Inn'd at a Villa of the Grand Duke's call'd *Poggio Imperiale*, where they were inform'd, that *Donna Catharina* a near Kinswoman of the Duke's, was to be married to *Don Ferdinand de Roveri* the next day: That the Nuptials were to be publicly solemniz'd in the most magnificent Manner, with Balls, Masks, Tilts, &c. No Shop to be open for three Days, no Handicraft to work, but all to partake of the publick Joy, and entertain'd at the Duke's Charge, for which Purpose there were several Tables set out in every Street.

Aurelian's generous Soul was touch'd with Joy, that Fortune had provided so lucky an Entertainment for his dear *Hippolito*. They set out the next Morning, before they could well see, taking only *Claudio* and two Valets along with them, the rest of their Equipage they

they left behind at the Village; lest *Don Fabio* should get Intelligence of his Son's Arrival before the publick Diversions, (in which *Hippolito* and himself design'd to take a full share) were over. But as it happen'd they need not have used this extream Caution, for notwithstanding they enter'd *Florence* at the *Puerto de Romana*, before Sun-Rise, the Streets were as much crowded as if it had been noon-day, and a Nobleman with his Train might have pass'd thro' as unnoted as a single Cobler. The Eagerness of the People who were all busied in diverting themselves, or preparing some Device for the approaching Day, with their entire Disregard of Strangers, pleas'd our young Gentlemen so well, that they agreed to pass an Hour or two in observing the Humours of the Mob, while *Aurelian's* Servant went to provide a Lodging for them. The *Florentines* are all such Lovers of Musick, that they commonly teach their Children before they can well go, to scrape upon some Instrument or other, which renders it so natural to them, when grown up, that one shall not see either Tinker or Cobler without a Guittar or Theorbo: And on this solemn Festival, they were all exerting their Talents either at Door or Window! 'Twas merry enough for a transient View to behold the affected Languishments and awkward Gestures, (with which they thrum'd out
their

their doleful Ditties. But as they kept no Time, our Travellers soon grew weary of the woful Discord, and the Servant being return'd, they withdrew to their Lodging; which, as they had order'd, was in one of the least frequented Streets of the City. The rest of the Day pass'd in sending about to hire Habits for the Ball at Night, but it so unluckily fell out, they were all dispos'd of, save one, which being but one and very magnificent, *Aurelian* complimented his Friend therewith; who as absolutely refusing, they were both like to be disappointed of that Night's Diversion, when *Hippolito's* Servant came running in with the joyful News, that he had met the Valet of one of the greatest Gallants about Court, whose Master being indispos'd the Fellow was ridiculous enough to design wearing it himself. But on a handsome Reward which they offer'd, he was soon brought to prefer Profit to Pleasure. Being thus compleatly accommodated, in the Dusk of the Evening they sallied out of their Lodging, and made the best of their way to the Palace. The Ceremony having been perform'd that Morning in the great Dome with the utmost Magnificence, I need not add, that the many Illuminations, cover'd Tables, and Conduits running Wine in every Street, had engag'd the Multitude in so eager a Repast, that *Aurelian* and *Hippolito* pass'd thro' with

as little Notice as they had done in the Morning.

If our *Cavaliers* were dazled with the outward Glories of the Palace, how were they astonish'd, when upon entring in they found more dangerous Illuminations from the brightest Eyes in *Florence*; never was there seen a more illustrious Assembly of the most perfect Beauties and most accomplish'd *Cavaliers*. Their Habits were equally rich, tho' differently fancied; to which an easy Air, agreeable Motion, and the most exact Symmetry, contributed to attract the Eyes of each Beholder. Our Strangers were so well bred, as to conclude from all these visible Perfections, that there was not a Mask there which did not hide the Face of an Angel. Perhaps the Ladies were not behind-hand in their good Opinion. The *Cavaliers* were not only extreamly well dress'd, but had something in their Mien and Air, which was inexpressibly pleasing; different from all other People, as well as from each other. They fancied they were remark'd while standing together, and being unwilling to be thought Strangers, agreed upon an Hour of meeting, and so separating, mingled among the thickest of the Assembly. *Aurelian* had fix'd his Eye on a certain Lady, whom he had for some time observ'd to be in a Whisper with another.

ther. As she seem'd to him to have peculiar Attractions which distinguish'd her from all the rest, so he waited with the utmost Impatience 'till they shou'd break off; which happy Minute being at last arriv'd, he accosted her in the most gallant and respectful Manner. "Madam, cried he, if I do not usurp a Privilege reserv'd for some happier Person, permit me the Honour of your Conversation till the Arrivall of him whom you expect; at least if you grow weary of mine sooner, I shall do my self the Violence of securing your Tranquillity by my Absence." The Lady replied, she did not expect any body: By which he might be well assur'd her Conversation wanted Merit to be bespoke, and to hold a further Conference wou'd but convince him at her own Cost. You have already, Madam, cried he, convinced me of that which I fear will prove to my Cost in the End. She pretended not to understand him, and return'd, that if he found himself already uneasy with her Conversation, he wou'd find cause to repent his Rashness, for that she now intended to hold a Discourse with him that she might punish his Unadvisedness in presuming on a Person whose Dress and Mien might not perhaps be so disagreeable as to have Wit. I confess my Crime, said *Aurelian*, and gladly submit to the Punishment, being now more than ever convinced that the Disposition

position of the Mind may be guessed by the
Fancy and Choice of Dress.

The Humour or Constitution, I grant ye,
said the Lady, whether melancholick or gay;
but I should hardly pass my Censure on so
slight an Indication of Wit: There's your
brisk Fool, as well as your brisk Man of
Sense, and so *Vice Versa* of the Melan-
choly. 'Tis not improbable, that a Fool
may discover himself by the ridiculous Suit-
ing of Colours, or some singular Extrava-
gance in his Habit; but an elegant Decency,
which is all that Men of Sense aim at, may
be acquired by Custom or Example, without
any superfluous Charge of Wit: And there
are but few People so unhappy as not to
have some Friend capable of advising them,
if they are not too conceited to receive it.

Aurelian was so delighted with the Smart-
ness of her Repartee, that he forgot to an-
swer when she seemed to expect it: But
being of a quick Apprehension, and justly
sensible of her own Perfections, she soon
perceived he did not grudge his Attention.
Signior, said she, I have been looking round,
and they are all so well dress'd, that, ac-
cording to your Rule, I cannot discover
one Fool in the Company.

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This Raillery awakened the Cavalier from the agreeable Resvery he was fall'n into. 'Tis true, Madam, cried he; but, as you justly observed, the Invention may be foreign to the Person who puts it in practice; and as well as I love a good Dress, I should be loth to answer for the Wit of all about us. I hope then, return'd the Lady, you are convinced of your Error, since 'tis impossible to say who in all this Assembly made choice of their own Fancy, or their Friend's. Not in the least, said he; I dare engage, that Lady who is playing with the Tassels of her Girdle, though she is agreeably dress'd, does not know it. You are not mistaken in your Guess, cried she, smiling; for I assure you, that Lady knows as little as any in the Room, except myself. Ah, Madam, said *Aurelian*, you know every thing save your own Perfections, and those only you will not know, as 'tis the height of human Wisdom to seem ignorant of them. How, cried the Lady, I thought the Knowledge of one's self had more justly deserved that Character! *Aurelian* was a little at a loss how to recover the Blunder; when the Musick coming in (luckily for him) put a stop to the Discourse. They danced together several times to their own mutual Satisfaction, and the Applause of the whole Assembly. Where let us leave them

them a while, to see what's become of *Hippolito*: Who, soon after his Separation from *Aurelian*, fell in with a Set of Ladies and Cavaliers looking on a large Gold-Cup set with Jewels; in which the Duke having drank to the Prosperity of the new married Couple, made a Present of it to the Bride. While *Hippolito* was as busy as the rest in admiring the Beauty of the Workmanship, and the Richness of the Materials, a Lady giving him a pull by the Sleeve, made a Signal to speak with him: he was not a little surprized, being very certain he was entirely unknown; but supposing it to be a Mistake, followed her to a Window, where she accosted him in this manner: Don *Lorenzo*, said she, I rejoice to see you abroad at a time, when the whole City laments you as expiring under your Wounds: but give me leave to chide your Indiscretion for appearing in a Habit so remarkable, and so lately known at your Sister *Atalanta's* Marriage with Don *Cynthia*. Believe me, *Juliana* and myself knew you at sight: she has that Concern for your Safety, that she engaged me to give you notice, her Brother *Fabritio* has eyed you very closely, and has now left the Assembly as abruptly. You know the irreconcilable Hatred he has borne you, since you had the Misfortune to kill his Kinsman in a Duel. Take care of
your

yourself when you depart this Place, lest you meet with concealed Enemies. I perceive, continued she, you have forgot your Cousin *Leonora's* Voice, and therefore in complaisance to your bad Memory will put you past doubt; at which Words, drawing aside her Mask, discovered one of the finest Faces he had ever beheld. This second Surprise seized him with such Astonishment and Joy, that had she not in clapping on her Mask continued the Discourse, he had certainly betrayed himself by some imprudent Transport. Cousin, cried she, taking him by the hand, though my Father's Severity on the Disobligations you have lately given him, prevented my Inclination to see and serve you; yet since I have this lucky Opportunity to caution your Safety, I must add, that *Fabritio*, and his Father the Marquis of *Viterbo*, have a great Interest in this City; and notwithstanding Signior *Fabio* espoused your Cause, in opposition to the Marquis, yet there is no hopes of his Favour now, the past Animosity being made up by a Marriage which is concluded on, between *Juliana* the Marquis's Daughter, and *Aurelian*, *Fabio's* Son: to which effect *Fabio* having sent for his Son from *Sienna*, the Messenger returned this Morning with the News, that *Aurelian* was set out for *Florence* with a young Spaniard of Quality,

his

his entire Friend. It is known they are in Town, and not unlikely may be in this Room. *Hippolito* smiled to himself at the last Words, and squeezing her hand with more Ardour than was requisite for a meer Relation, in a low Voice acknowledged her Goodness, and besought her Advice. *Leonora* who had not the least mistrust of any Mistake, imputed the Faintness of his Voice to the Heat of the Room, and his own want of Strength; and kindly told him, if he were as willing as she to dispense with the Remainder of the Diversion, they would both slip out of the Assembly, and retire to her House, where he might not only refresh himself after his Fatigue, but at better Leisure consult what was to be done. She waited not for his Answer; but bidding him follow her at a distance, went down a Back Stairs into the Palace-Garden, which had a Door opened into the grand Piazza, where her Father Don *Mario* lived. Transported with Joy as *Hippolito* was, he had such Command over his Passion as to consider the Consequence of undeceiving her too suddenly; he therefore feigning himself extremely indisposed, took leave, at the same time begging her Direction how he might in the Morning acquaint her with his Health: Which she, seeming desirous he should, pointed to a little Window where

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she

he would order a Servant to wait for the Letter. Just as he was on the point of Departure, he fetched his breath with such a Violence, as if some sudden Stitch or Smart had occasion'd it; and feeling in his Pocket hastily, she asked if he missed any thing. He replied, a Wound which was not quite healed, had burst out a bleeding, and that he had lost his Handkerchief: She immediately gave him hers, which as 'twas what he wanted, he could not refrain telling her, that he was now certain of a Cure, since 'twas impossible but a Medium which had been touched by her fair Hands, must have contracted a sanative Virtue beyond any Drug whatsoever: So thrusting it into his Bosom, next his Heart, (where indeed was his only Wound) he departed, overjoyed he had obtained so early a Favour.

Having thus far accounted for *Hippolito*, let us now return to *Aurelian*, who had danced himself into a Net which he neither could, nor desired to get out of. An Air so sweet, so graceful, and withal so majestic, scarce ever meet in one Person! Envy itself could not find the least Defect in her Shape, nor Detraction in her Conduct. When they had done dancing, he complained of his want of Breath to speak her just Encomium; she replied with a Smile, he had been

been to blame to fatigue himself so much : however, since he had taken such pains on her account, she would bate him the Compliment, provided he would discover himself. *Aurelian*, for many reasons, unwilling to do that, and more unwilling to give her an absolute Denial, took upon him the Name and Character of *Hippolito*, whom he was sure was entirely unknown at *Florence* ; adding, In obedience to your Commands, and contrary to my own Resolution (of continuing here unknown) I have informed you what I am : But what I shall be, I beg to know from your fair self, at least I hope my ingenuous Confession will incline you to intrust me with the Knowledge of your Person. Had I known, replied she with much Smartness, my Curiosity would have brought me in debt, I should have avoided the Occasion, or at least have articked before-hand for the Price of your Discovery ; however, that you may not censure me as ungenerous, I now give you the Choice, whether to see my Face, or know who I am, being resolved to discover myself but in part.

Aurelian, who was really in love, eagerly chose the latter ; but, lo ! what followed ? Such a Heaven of Beauty appeared to his Sight, as struck him speechless with Admiration ! As soon as he could recover the

Use of his Organs he began; 'Tis enough, Madam, I have seen Divinity.—Nothing but Mercy can inhabit these Perfections; use me as you please, for by your fair self I swear, I cannot think a Bliss beyond what I now feel: Yet, ah! methinks to live! oh Heaven to have Life pronounced by those blessed Lips!—Did they not inspire as well as command, 'twould be an immediate Death of Joy. *Aurelian* growing a little too loud with his tumultuous Passion, she clapped on her Mask, telling him his Love was too sudden to be real, and too violent to be lasting. He replied with a deep Sigh, It might not indeed be very lasting, but he was well assured it would continue as long as his Life. He begg'd her to believe the Integrity of his Passion; and by some Task, the severest she could devise, to make a Trial of it. I arrest your Word, said she, and command you for this time, that you neither set any Person to dog me, or make the least Enquiry yourself. *Aurelian* promis'd strict Obedience; and in the most graceful and submissive manner intreated the Favour of her Name, that he might in some degree alleviate the Affliction her Absence would occasion, if so be 'twere possible he could survive it. Oh! cried she, live by all means; and if you must have a Name to play with, call me *Incognita*. The Company breaking up,

up, she took her Leave with such an obliging Smile, (giving him a transient View of her Face,) as occasion'd a second Rapture. He continued immoveable, till he lost sight of her, and then recollecting himself walk'd slowly home, never once thinking of *Hippolito*, till upon turning the Corner of a Street, he heard fighting, and saw a Man making a vigorous Defence against two others, who violently assaulted him. He then flew eagerly to his Assistance, fancying he saw the Diamond Buttons which were on the Sleeves of *Hippolito's* Habit. He soon put the Assassines to flight, and the rescued Person in addressing Thanks to his Preserver, dropt fainting at his Feet; he was then near enough to know the Habit perfectly, and raising up his dear *Hippolito*, was agreeably surpriz'd by the Lights of the Patrole to find it was not his Friend, but *Claudio* his Governor in *Hippolito's* Habit. The Murderers, whom the Guards, meeting with their Swords drawn and bloody, had secured, own'd they were deceived by the Habit, which was well known to be *Lorenzo's*, who had kill'd their Master in a Duel. The Guard carried off the Prisoners, and *Aurelian* got help to convey *Claudio* to his Lodging. But not having patience to stay till they came home, he ask'd eagerly for *Hippolito*. I left him well in his Chamber, return'd *Claudio*, about two Hours ago, whose early Return

gave me the unhappy Curiosity of going to the Palace, from whence as I came back I was set upon by those Men, and if I recover must owe my Life to your Generosity.

Being come into the House, *Aurelian* dismiss'd the Guard, and having sent for Surgeons, stay'd the Dressing of *Claudio's* Wounds, which were many, tho' not mortal; and leaving him to his rest, went to give *Hippolito* an Account of what had pass'd, whom he found leaning with both Elbows on a Table, and his Face cover'd with his Hands so motionless, that concluding him to be asleep, and seeing several Papers half written and blotted out, he had the Curiosity to look what his Friend had been so deeply engag'd in: but just as he reach'd forth his hand, *Hippolito* starting up, without giving himself time to look on the Person, and thinking himself highly affronted by such a bold Intrusion, snatch'd up his Sword, and turning hastily about, overthrew the Table and Candles. Being now in the dark, he made several random Passes in vain. Mean while *Aurelian* endeavouring to recover the Door that he might inform his Friend of the Mistake, *Hippolito* heard him stir, and made a full Thrust with such Violence, that the Hilt of the Sword meeting with *Aurelian's* Breast, beat him flat, *Hippolito* falling with him. A Servant alarm'd with the Noise
came

came running in with a Candle ; the Fellow trembled and thought them both dead, till *Hippolito* raising himself to see whom he had got under him, fell into a Swoon on the Discovery : but such was the Care of Providence in directing the Sword, that it only pass'd under *Aurelian's* Arm, and occasion'd a small Bruise with the Hilt between his Shoulder and Breast. He got up and by the Servant's help, laid *Hippolito* on the Bed ; who when he came to himself cou'd scarce be perswaded that he saw his Friend alive and well, till he shew'd him his Breast without any Wound : He then begg'd a thousand Pardons, and dismissing the Servant, fell into each other's Embraces, congratulating their mutual Deliverance from so imminent a Danger, each blaming his own Temerity as the Occasion. Ah my Friend, said *Hippolito*, how cou'd I be so blind as not to know you ? but Love is blind indeed. Here he gave a deep Sigh, and stopp'd. *Aurelian* cou'd not avoid sympathizing with his Friend, being too nearly touch'd himself : A profound Silence ensued, and each wonder'd why the other sigh'd, which at last *Aurelian* broke by telling him of *Claudio's* Misfortune. *Hippolito* seeming to rejoice at it, *Aurelian* demanded the reason of so ill-natured a Mirth. I rejoice not, cried the other, at my Governor's Disaster, and since you have assured me his Wounds are not mortal, I must own I think

it the luckiest Accident in Life. His State of Health, and Loss of Blood, will not permit him to travel a while, and perhaps a longer stay may give a happy Period to an Affair I have in hand. His Friend thought him to be little better than delirious, when on a sudden he saw him draw out of his Bosom a Handkerchief, which he kiss'd with uncommon Ardor, and taking *Aurelian* by the Hand, Your *Florentine Cupid*, said he, is the most expert Archer in the World; since I saw you, I have beheld the most beautiful of Women: I am in Love, I die for her! Those blotted Papers you saw, were Essays toward discovering my Passion, and this Handkerchief you see me caress, is the inestimable Token by which she will know me in the Lists to-morrow. Oh *Leonora*! continued he, how hast thou stamp'd thine Image on my Soul! and how much dearer am I to my self, since I have had thy heavenly Form in keeping? Now my *Aurelian* I am worthy thy Friendship, and my exalted Love has rais'd me beyond thy former despicable *Hippolito*.

Aurelian, seeing the Rapture he was in, thought it vain to expect a rational Account from him that Night; and reaching out his Hand to take one of the Papers, *Hippolito* requested his Patience, and he would give him an exact relation of the whole Adventure, which

which he did *verbatim*; not omitting his being mistaken for *Lorenzo*. *Aurelian* highly commended his Discretion in concealing himself, and added, if he could spare so much time from the Contemplation of his Mistress, he would give him an Account of an Adventure, which, tho' not altogether so accidental, was of no less Consequence to his own future Happiness. He then recited all that had pass'd between him and his beautiful *Incognita*, and having ended his little History, they began to consult of proper Measures in the pursuit of their Amours. He understood by *Hippolito*, that his Father knew of his being in Town, whom he must unavoidably disoblige by continuing longer conceal'd, and as certainly disobey if he came in his sight, having entertain'd an Aversion for *Juliana*; not that he had ever seen her, but merely as she was impos'd on him by the Authority of a Father. His lovely *Incognita* took up all his Thoughts, she was engrav'd on his Heart; yet he neither knew her Name, nor Place of abode, nor had she made any Promise of a second Conference: Then did he repent his inconsiderate Choice, in preferring a momentary Vision, to a certain Intelligence; every Thought distracted him, his sole Hopes were, that the remaining two Days might afford some lucky Opportunity for his Satisfaction, and the Applause he should win unknown in the publick Gallantry

Gallantry, would plead an excuse to his Father for his Concealment.

In the mean time *Hippolito* was no less perplex'd for himself, the Difficulties he saw in his Friend's Circumstances made him apprehend more than really were in his own; he consider'd himself also as an entire Stranger, of whom *Leonora* could have no Idea to his advantage; he thought it an unlucky Turn for *Aurelian* to take upon him his Name, since possibly the Ladies might be acquainted, and communicate Adventures, which would look like one Person pretending two Passions at the same time.

The Remedy for that, reply'd *Aurelian*, is to subscribe in my Name, when you write to *Leonora*, and intreat her Discretion, lest your Father should find out the Reason why you keep hidden from him; and my Life for yours, tho' she may not immediately receive your Passion, she will be oblig'd by the Confidence, and have Generosity enough to conceal what is only obscured for her sake; and who knows but Fortune has befriended us with a better Plot than any regular Contrivance of our own? May it prove so, reply'd *Hippolito*: At which Words *Aurelian* retir'd to rest in his own Chamber, and *Hippolito* apply'd himself to the most difficult

Task

Task of his whole Life, and perhaps perform'd it as little to his own Satisfaction. However, in despair of succeeding better, he chose that Copy which came the nearest to his Liking. The Servant, who had been employ'd in procuring Accoutrements for the Tilting, told him all things were in readiness, and that the young Cavaliers were preparing to be early in the Lists. *Hippolito*, having made a short Visit to his Governour, dispatch'd a trusty Messenger to his *Leonora*, who had the good Fortune, on the appointed Signal, to have the String let down, and the Letter drawn up, on which he return'd. *Leonora's* Astonishment is not to be imagined when she found this Superscription, *The unfortunate Aurelian to the beautiful Leonora*: No sooner had she begun to recover the Surprise, but she recollected all that had pass'd between her and her suppos'd Cousin, and was under the utmost Confusion, to think she had used such Freedom to a Stranger. She had once a Thought of throwing it into the Fire, or keeping it unopen'd, till she could find an Opportunity to return it. But Curiosity prevail'd; when breaking it open, she found as follows.

M A D A M,

MADAM,

IF the opening of this gives you too quick a Surprize, reflect, I beseech you, on my Condition at the sudden Appearance of your celestial Charms, which depriv'd me not only of the Power, but even the Will, to let you know your Mistake: Your Voice pursu'd the Victory of your Eyes, and left me incapable of a Retreat: And tho' you could not but perceive the Disorder I was in, yet your innocent Mistake charitably imputed that to my Weakness, which was an Effect of the most sudden and violent Passion, that ever Man felt. Pardon therefore the Continuance of the Deceit, or rather give it not so harsh a Name, since I was not my self then, nor can I be my own now. — You told me something, Madam, of a Match that my Father design'd, which troubled me much, and the more so, as I was told it by you; for Heaven's sake discover me not to any body, that I be not drove to an Act of immediate Disobedience: For if my future Services, and most inviolable Passion, cannot recommend me to your Favour; I shall find more Comfort in the Embraces of a Grave, than in the Arms of the admir'd (tho' by me dreaded) *Juliana*. Think of the severe Circumstances I lie under; and withal please to consider that 'tis in your power, and in yours only, to make them as happy

happy as I can wish, or more miserable than you can imagine. That dear, tho' undesign'd Favour, which I receiv'd from your fair Hands, shall this day distinguish me from the Crowd of your Admirers. Oh, most adorable *Leonora!* be as merciful as fair, and bestow a Glance of Compassion on your ever faithful

AURELIAN.

She read it again and again, laid it down, took it up, and was under a strange Consternation at the oddness of the Adventure: Sometimes she condemn'd her own Curiosity; and then immediately commended his Discretion, in deferring the Discovery of her Mistake till she could receive it alone, without a Witness to her Blushes. She wonder'd also, that she should be so stupid, to be led by a Habit only, and not regard the graceful becoming Air so different from *Lorenzo's*. His personating a sick Man so readily, made her almost conclude him capable of acting any Part, and that perhaps he might no more be *Aurelian*, than *Lorenzo*: But then his Address to obtain a Favour, and by that Pretence the Means of writing to her, was with such Modesty, and Respect, that she knew not how to find fault with it. These, and a thousand other tormenting Diffidences reign'd by turns in her Bosom,

Bosom, at last she resolv'd to preserve the Trust he had repos'd in her, and particularly observe his Conduct in the Lists that ensuing Day; resolving to muster up all her Charms, and dress herself to the best Advantage, that she might make an entire Conquest, if he prov'd deserving. By the time *Leonora* was ready, several Ladies came in to accompany her; where we will leave them at their Chocolate, and return to our Cavaliers.

They had, by good Fortune, provided themselves with two curious Suits of light Armour, enamell'd and gilt. *Hippolito* had sent to *Poggio Imperiale* for a couple of fine led Horses, which he had left there with his Train: Mounted on these, and equally well equip'd, they took their Way, attended only by two Lacqueys, towards the Church *de la Santa Croce*, before which the Exercises of Chivalry were to be perform'd. *Hippolito* wore upon his Helm a large Plume of crimson Feathers, in the midst of which *Leonora's* Handkerchief was artificially plac'd: His Armour being enamell'd with Gold and Crimson.

Aurelian not being so fortunate as to have any Favour to recommend him to the Notice of his Mistress, wore only a Plume of white and sky-colour, suitable to his Armour, which

which was Silver enamell'd with Azure. I shall not trouble my Reader with the Description of the other Cavaliers Armour, or the Ladies Dress; let it suffice that all was perfectly magnificent, on both sides: and the Scaffolding being circular, there was no End of the delightful Prospect. Our Gallants enter'd the Lists, and having made their Obeysance to the Duke, saluted the rest of the Company. Our Lovers soon perceiv'd the Planets that were to rule their Destiny, who were as distinguishable from the rest of the Company, as the Sun is in the Firmament. *Leonora* knew her Slave by his Badge, and blush'd till the Lillies and Roses in her Cheeks resembled his Plume and Handkerchief. He made her a low Bow, and rein'd his Horse back with a graceful Retreat. *Aurelian* had no way to discover himself to his beautiful *Incognita*, but by saluting, and bowing to her after the *Spanish Mode*: She guess'd by that he was her new Servant *Hippolito*, and signified her Apprehension, by a more particular and obliging Return, than to any of the Cavaliers who had saluted her before.

The Exercise in general was running at the Ring, after which two Knights were to defend the Beauty of *Donna Catherina*, against all who would not allow her the Pre-eminence of their Mistresses. This was only design'd

sign'd for Shew, and Form, none presuming that any would affront the Bride (who was the Duke's Kinswoman) by calling her Beauty in question. But here our Cavaliers were guilty of a Mistake, for seeing a large Shield with a Lady painted on it, with this Inscription in Gold Letters, *Above the Insolence of Competition*, carried before two Knights, they thought themselves oblig'd by their Mistresses Presence to vindicate their Beauty, and were just spurring on to engage the Champions, when a Gentleman told them 'twas a particular Honour done to the Bride, by his Highness's Order, and not to be disputed: Upon which they excus'd their Error, and would have retreated, but the Bridegroom *Don Ferdinand*, perceiving some shew of Opposition, would have begg'd leave of the Duke to maintain his Lady's Honour, which he by no means permitting, one of the Knights before whom the Shield was born, demanded the Duke's Permission to inform the Strangers better of the Mistake, by giving them the Foyle. Thro' *Don Ferdinand's* Intercession, Leave was granted, when a civil Message was sent to the Cavaliers, giving them to understand, they must either maintain, by Force of Arms, what they had done, or make a publick Acknowledgment by riding bare-headed before the Picture once round the Lists. The Strangers remonstrated to the Duke, the due Sense they

they had of their Mistake, and that tho' they did not justify their Error, they cou'd not decline the Combat. To the Bride they sent a Compliment, and having begg'd her pardon for not knowing the Picture, gave her to understand, that they were not now going to dispute her undoubted Right to the Crown of Beauty, but that the Prize they sought was the Honour of being her Champions; requesting that if Fortune befriended them with Victory, they might have no other Reward than to wear the Titles of their Adversaries, and be ever after esteem'd as her most humble Servants. A Compliment so well design'd, took effect, and their Desire was granted. While the running at the Ring lasted, our two *Cavaliers* bore away great share of the Honour. That Sport ended, Marshals were appointed for the Field: The *Cavaliers* were all in good earnest, but Orders were given to bring them blunt Lances, and to forbid the Drawing of a Sword, on his Highness's Displeasure. The Trumpets sounded, and they began their Course. The Ladies Hearts beat Time to the Horses Hoofs, especially the *Incognita's* and *Leonora's*, each wishing, and doubting Success, according to her Inclination: But as the Generality of their Prayers were for the graceful Strangers, they prosper'd accordingly. *Aurelian's* Adversary was unhorsed the first Encounter, and *Hippolito's* not only lost both

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his

Stirrups, but dropp'd his Lance to save himself. The Honour of the Field was immediately granted them, and the Bride sent them both Favours, which she prayed them to wear as her Knights. The Crowd breaking up, our Strangers stole off unmark'd, save by the watchful Eyes of their two Ladies. Enquiry was made after them, but to little purpose, for they had provided a House distant from their Lodging, where a Servant having disarmed them, they walk'd home unsuspected. But *Incognita* had ordered a Page to dog them till Evening, and bring her Word where they last hous'd.

Several Conjectures pass'd among the Company while they were at Dinner in the Palace, who these Cavaliers should be; but Don *Fabio* thought himself the only Person capable of making a right guess. He knew for certain, that his Son and *Hippolito* were in Town, and was not displeas'd at his remaining Incog. till the Diversions were over. But hearing the general Applauses of every body, and in particular of the Great Duke, he could not refrain the Vanity of telling his Highness, that he believed he had some Interest in one of the Gentlemen whom he had been pleas'd so highly to honour, giving the Duke his Reasons for it.

The Discovery having thus got vent, was diffus'd like Air, and in half an Hour's time was talk'd of in the House where our Adventurers lodged. *Aurelian* was distracted with the News, for he knew what search would be made for him; and had not *Hippolito* been in love, he would have rid out of Town: Just then he could make no doubt of being discovered, and had reason to fear *Leonora's* Resentment on his having deceived her twice. Well, while they are fretting and contriving to little purpose, let us see what is doing at the Palace, where their Doom was determined much quicker than they imagined.

Dinner being ended, the Duke retired with some select Friends to enjoy themselves over a Bottle, among which were the Marquis of *Viterbo* and Don *Fabio*. His Highness was no Stranger to the long Feud which had been between the two Families, and also understood what Overtures had been made for a pacifick Alliance. Having waited till the Wine had taken effect, and the Company were arrived at the very Acme of good Humour, he took an occasion of rallying the two grave Signiors into an Accommodation; which being seconded by the Praises of the young Couple, in whose Encomium

the whole Company join'd, rais'd the two Fathers to the highest Pitch of Delight; which the Duke perceiving, generously urg'd the present Consummation, telling them, there was yet one Day more of publick rejoicing; that it would be an Honour to his Cousin's Marriage to be accompanied by such an extraordinary Pair, and not only increase the general Joy, but make the last Day outvie the first. The Marquis and Don *Fabio* were so moved with the Complaisance and persuasive Authority of the Duke, that they embraced and vowed an eternal Friendship. This News was dispersed like the former, and Don *Fabio* gave immediate Orders for finding out his Son's Lodgings, that the Marquis and he might give him a Visit when he had acquainted *Juliana* with his Resolution. He found her very pleasant in the Bride's Apartment, and being in a gay Humour himself, told her aloud he was come to crown their Mirth with another Wedding, his Highness having been pleased to provide her a Husband, which she must prepare to receive the next Day. *Juliana*, as well as the Company, thought he had rallied, till the Duke coming in, confirm'd the serious part of the Discourse. *Juliana*, struck with the utmost Surprize at the hasty Summons, besought a little time but to consider. — To which her Father replied, she should have all the rest

rest of her Life to do that; but *Aurelian* should come and consider with her in the Morning.

Juliana took her leave of the Company very gravely, as if not much pleased with the Command. *Leonora* happened to be there, and was ready to swoon at what she heard; for tho' she was not unsensible she had a great Tenderneſs for *Aurelian* before, yet the Fears she had now of losing him for ever, convinced her that she had a real Paſſion for him: She therefore stole out of the Preſence, and retired to her Cloſet to indulge her helpless Deſpair, and lament her ill-timed Affection.

Our two Lovers mean while had racked their Invention till it was quite jaded; both ſat ſilent, each expecting the other ſhould ſpeak firſt, till they were both ſo abſorb'd in Thought, that, without a Pun, one might almoſt ſay they were become thoughtleſs; Day-light having left them without being perceived, till a Servant bringing in Candles, rous'd them out of their Lethargick Cogitation. Well, cried *Hippolito*, what muſt we do? We muſt ſuffer, ſaid *Aurelian*, with a faint Voice; when immediately raiſing it, Oh ye unequal Powers, cried he, why do you torture us with Deſire, and forbid our

Enjoyment! Why furnish us with a Will, and postpone our Election? Cruel Parents! must I be the Sacrifice to atone your past Offences, past before I was born? — Would my Life suffice, I would gladly seal your Reconcilement with my Blood: But, oh my Soul is free! You have no right to my immortal Part, That, That is independent of your Power: And must I lose my Love, the Extract of your Being? No; I'll own my Flame, and plead my Title. — Title, to what? Wretched *Aurelian*! where does Passion drive thee? The cruel Fair-One loves thee not; knows not that thou lovest her; or if she did, what Merit canst thou plead? Nothing but Love! Excess of Love! Alas, a Beggar's Claim! none ever missed of that who has but once beheld her. I have but once, 'tis true; but in that once I lov'd beyond the World! beyond myself! a Flame so pure! so vigorous! so intense! that sure it must reflect its Heat, and warm her frozen Breast. Ah welcome pleasing Thought! still hover on my Soul, and cheer my drooping Spirits: Let me but think she loves! and perish my Despair! — Here *Aurelian* paus'd, and was falling into his former Silence, when his Lacquey coming into the Room hastily, told him, a Coach was just stopt at the Door, but he did not stay to see who was in it. *Aurelian* concluding 'twas his Father, cried
he

he was ruined if he saw him, and catching up his Sword, ran down a Back Stair, which opened into another Street. *Hippolito* had not considered how to behave under this Exigence, when a Lady closely veil'd made toward him; he asked her in a gallant way, to whom the Honour of that Visit was designed: She replied, to Don *Hippolito de Saviolina*, with whom she had earnest Business. He had like to have told her he was the Man, but by good Chance he remembered his Friend's Adventure in taking his Name; so he only replied, he could not be far off, and that if she had but a Moment's Patience, he would enquire for him.

Having said this he withdrew, leaving the Lady in the Room, and sought for *Aurelian* all over the House and Garden, but in vain. She, impatient of his long Stay, and seeing Writing-Tackle on the Table, begun a Billet, which was almost finished when she heard Mens Footing on the Stairs, and concluding his Friend had found him, tore her Letter in pieces; which she repented, when on turning about she saw the Marquis of *Viterbo* and Don *Fabio* enter the Room. She gave a sudden Start on the Surprize, and the Marquis thinking they had been misinform'd, made an Apology for their Intrusion; but the Lady taking no

notice, walk'd directly down stairs, and drove away with all the speed imaginable.

The Dons were at a loss what to think, when *Hippolito* returning to tell the Lady he could not find the Person she enquired for, was astonished to see a gay Lady metamorphos'd into two old Men: He knew Don *Fabio* at sight, having been shewn him at the Tilt; but being certain he could not know him, he ventured in and enquired for the Lady he left there. Don *Fabio* replied, she was gone down, and that they feared they had been guilty of some Mistake, which they were extreme sorry for, and begg'd the Lady's and his Pardon; desiring him to inform them about the two young Gentlemen they look'd for. He coolly replied, he was a Stranger in that Place, and only a Servant to the Lady they had disturbed, whom he must seek after. Leaving them in this Perplexity, he went again in search of *Aurelian*.

The old Gentlemen at last meeting a Servant of the House, was by him guided to *Claudio's* Chamber, where they were no sooner entered, but *Aurelian* came into the House; and being told by *Hippolito's* Servant who followed him to his Chamber, of *Claudio's* Visitors, he knew that was no
Place

Place for him; and having left Directions with the Servant where his Master should meet him, was going out of the Room; but spying the torn Paper, which the Lady had thrown on the Floor, the first Piece he took up had *Incognita* written upon it, which made him hastily gather up the rest, and betake himself to a Ramble: But he had not gone far, when his Curiosity tempted him to join the torn Pieces by the Light of a Lamp, from which he collected that his *Incognita* had writ the Note, and earnestly intreated him to meet her that Night at Twelve, at a Convent-Gate; but the Piece which contained the Name of the Convent was not to be found. Here was a large Field for *Aurelian's* Passion to range in, nor did he fail to quarrel with his adverse Fate: The Repetition of his vehement Exclamations can afford no Delight to the Reader; let it therefore suffice, that he wander'd on unwittingly till he found himself in Darkness and such a dismal Solitude, that he could neither retreat nor go forward. While he stood collecting what he should do, he heard a Voice as of some Person whose Breath had been stopp'd, and by a violent Effort was just broke loose, Yet—— yet—— (still struggling for Speech,) forbear—— and I'll forgive what's past.—— I have done nothing yet that needs a Pardon, (says another)

ther) and what's to come will admit of none. Here the Person who seem'd to be oppress'd, made several inarticulate Sounds, but they were all choak'd in their Passage. *Aurelian* was sufficiently astonish'd, and would generously have made up to the Place, but being got among the Ruins of an old Monastery, the loose Stones gave way under his Feet, and by their rumbling alarm'd the Villain, who opening a Dark-Lanthorn approach'd him, with a Pistol ready cock'd. *Aurelian's* Sword was drawn, but seeing the Ruffian's Advantage, would have retreated; when by good Providence going backward, he fell over some of the Rubbish: at the same Instant the other discharg'd his Pistol, who hearing him fall, concluded he was kill'd. The Cries of the afflicted Person, (which he took to be a Woman's Voice,) redoubled on this Accident; and the Murderer, with a drawn Poniard, swore the next Murmur should be the last. *Aurelian* finding himself unhurt, and perceiving the Violence that was used to stop the injur'd Man's Mouth, (for he now plainly perceiv'd it was a Man,) cried, Turn Villain, and face thy Death. The Fellow amaz'd at the Voice, turn'd about to take up his Lanthorn, but *Aurelian* thinking there cou'd be no foul Play to such a Wretch, run him directly thro' the Heart, so that he dropt down dead at his Feet. He would have seen whom he had deliver'd,

deliver'd, but the Carcass falling on the Lanthorn, had put out the Light. However coming toward him, he ask'd how he did, but was answer'd with nothing but Blessings and Thanks; and such was the Transport of Joy and Gratitude, that he wou'd certainly have crawl'd on his Knees to worship him, had he not been bound Hand and Foot; which *Aurelian* perceiving, cut the Bands, and was conducted out of the Ruins by the hand of him whom he had deliver'd. The Moon being then just rising, he cou'd discern it was a Youth, but coming into the frequented Part of the Town among the Lamps, he was amaz'd at his extream Beauty, only the Fright had left a Death-like Pale on his Visage. Curious to know the Meaning of so odd an Adventure, *Aurelian* desired him to tell it by the way, but the young Gentleman requested him to forbear, till they were got into some House; when he shou'd know all, after he had recover'd a little Breath and Spirits. *Aurelian* thought the Voice not entirely unknown, and ask'd if he had never been at *Sienna*. He look'd up at those Words, and something of a Joy appear'd in his Face, which yet he endeavour'd to smother; and telling *Aurelian* that he was very faint, pray'd he wou'd conduct him to his Lodging. *Aurelian* had much rather, as Circumstances then stood, have gone any

any where else, but it being very late, he was oblig'd to be contented.

Being come to his Lodging, the extream Paleness quickened into a modest Blush, and while *Aurelian* with Impatience waited the promis'd Discovery, the Youth still struggling with his Resolution, pull'd off a Wig which conceal'd the finest Head of Hair that ever Woman wore; whose dischevel'd Tresses, as they at first discover'd her Sex, prov'd a modest Veil to hide the Blushes of the lovely *Incognita*. But oh what Pen can describe the inconceivable Joy and Amazement of her transported *Aurelian*, as soon as he durst think! He concluded it to be a Vision, and never doubted of any thing so much in his Life, as he then did of his being awake. But she taking him gently by the Hand, and desiring him to sit down by her, convinced him in part of the Reality of the Presence.

This is the second time, said she, *Don Hippolito*, that I have been here this Night; what was the occasion of my seeking you out, and how I came to be in that Danger, from which as by Miracle you deliver'd me, would add too much to the Surprize I see you under, nor will I make any further Discovery, till I know what Censure you put on my Confidence and present unhappy Circumstances. I

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confess them to be such as deserve your severest Conjectures, but when you know the Occasion, I doubt not but to convince you of my Virtue!

Your Virtue, cried *Aurelian*, what Infidel dares to doubt it! Then kneeling down and kissing her hand, Ah Madam, wrong not your Creature with a Thought that he can be guilty of such Impiety.

Enough, *Hippolito*, said she, enough of Rapture, you cannot much accuse me of Ingratitude; but moderate your Joy till I have told my Case, and if it be for my sake you are rais'd to this Delight, it will be but of short continuance. At those Words she fetch'd a deep Sigh, and liquid Grief o'erwhelm'd her lovely Eyes: Oh what a sudden Change to poor *Aurelian*! Sighs choak'd each other's Passage; and if one may be allowed to use a Metaphor in a literal Sense, his Heart bled Tears of Blood; he long'd to know, yet fear'd to ask the Cause, and trembling sat expecting of his Doom.

At last the lovely Fair-One having collecting her dissipated Spirits, began in this manner. Having been in my Infancy contracted to a Man whom I could not like, and now being compelled by my Parents to marry

marry him out of hand, I fancied something so uncommonly generous in your Behaviour at the Ball, (when you only rallied me with meer Gallantry) that I rather chose to make a Confidence to a noble Stranger than to any Acquaintance I have; who, perhaps, through a mistaken View of my future Happiness and Grandeur, might betray me to my Parents Displeasure, and my utter Ruin. This Thought, as it confirmed my first Intent of begging your generous Assistance; so now, as a Cavalier engaged by a Lady's Distress, I crave your Aid in conveying me to a Monastery about four Leagues hence, where I have an Aunt that will receive me, as she is the only Relation I have averse to the Match. I was surprized at the Appearance of some Persons whom I did not expect at your Lodgings, which made me tear the Note where I had appointed you to meet me, and get hastily away to an old Servant's House, whom I entrusted with my Designs, and by whose means I was furnished with this Habit. I entrusted myself with her Brother, but he proving a Villain, reduced me to the Extremity you found me under, and whom you requited as he deserved. This is the Sum of my Case, bating the Apprehensions of my Discovery.

Aure-

Aurelian was extremely surprized at her Discourse, and began to fear his Passion was in a more desperate State than he had so lately imagined. He said all that was possible to convince her of the Sincerity of his Love; nor do I believe she was willing to doubt of it, for though what she told him was truth, yet not the whole truth; for the Convent she designed to retire to, was not out of the Town, but where she intended to secure herself for his sake only. *Aurelian* with the utmost Impatience heard her out, and then with a mournful Look asked his Doom. She replied, if he would assist her flight to that Monastery, he would oblige her for ever.

Your Commands, Madam, returned he, shall be obeyed, though it were to lay my Life at your Feet, (as indeed this is little less.) But late as it is, 'twill be impossible to provide Carriage at this time of the Night; could you be content to lock yourself in my Room, (I can provide me a Lodging elsewhere) and in the Morning I shall approve myself (though with the utmost Peril of Life) to be your most devoted Slave. Necessity having no Law, she was obliged to make a Virtue of Necessity, and accept of the offered Accommodation; when having said
all

all that a love-sick Heart could inspire, he modestly withdrew, and went to repose himself by Signior *Claudio*.

In the mean time it may not be amiss to enquire what became of *Hippolito*. He wandered much in quest of *Aurelian*, tho' *Leonora* engross'd his Thoughts: And as he was reflecting on the extravagant Situation of his Affairs, he was interrupted by the opening the Gates of the Convent of *St. Lawrence*, which was the Place *Aurelian* had appointed to meet him at. Surprized to see them unlock'd at so unseasonable an Hour, he went in and found the Religious all up, and Tapers lighting; and asking the Cause of these Preparations, was answered, they were intreated to pray for the Soul of a Cavalier who was just then departing; viz. one Signior *Lorenzo*, (the same who has been so often mentioned.) Don *Mario* his Uncle, Father to *Leonora*, had a private Door out of his Garden into that of the Convent; which Door the Father was now going to unlock, that himself and Family might come and offer up their Oraisons for the Soul of their Kinsman. *Hippolito* having informed himself of all he could wish, and overjoyed at the Hopes of seeing *Leonora*, took his leave of the Fryar; but instead of going into the Chapel, struck in through

but having a strong Aversion to this *Insect*, he rather chose *Ass's-Milk*; till last Summer he became a Convert to the *Snail*, by reading at *Bath*, in the *Posthumous Works* of that ingenious Poet and Physician Dr. *Sewell* of *Hampstead*, * a small but very curious Dissertation of the *Usefulness of SNAILS in MEDICINE*, written by him, but the Year before his own Death, which for its Excellence and publick Benefit I shall here insert, viz.

THERE have been great Disputes about this Creature's Usefulness in Medicine; the *Old Physicians* favour them, the *New* speak doubtfully, and some with Contempt, rank this Remedy among but *Female-Recipes* at the highest.

From their natural Clamminess, or Viscosity, (their whole Substance being nothing but a Compages of natural Jelly) they bid fair to balsamise the Blood, at least to sheath great Part of its Acidities, to make its Returns on the finer Glands and Tubes less pungent, and by Consequence, in Time, heal, at least, beginning Ulcers.

* Printed for E. Curll, 8vo. pag. 27.

I had occasion to experience what this *Viscus* does to the Animal it self; for having a Garden over-run with them, I sometimes only crushed them with my Foot against the Wall, breaking the Shell so much, that a Quantity of Matter issued from the Wounds. These I left (usually in *Rosemary-Bushes*, where I stamped them) not expecting the Effect their own Balm would have on them: In a Fortnight after I had supposed them dead, I found them whole, except in the Parts of the Shell, whose Weakness could not be discerned by the Eye, but was plain to the Touch.

This Experiment was often repeated with the Pressure of a strong Shoe, and yet almost all the *Snails* recovered, and carried their Houses, seemingly, unmaimed.

It was amazing enough, to observe the *viscous Fluid* squeezed from the Body, retiring by degrees inward, and supplying the Place of an artificial Cement to the broken Shell, while as it increased to its usual Dimension, it pushed forward the fractured and depressed Parts to a Union, with the rest of the House or Building.

The Experiment extends to all Ages and Sizes of *Snails*; for, in the small Crevices of

of the Wall, I often crushed the young ones Sides together with my Finger, and with all my Watchfulness could not find that they gathered any Restorative from the neighbouring Trees, till they were able to march out for fresh Plunder.

These Remarks may, perhaps, give some Hints about their *Use* in *Physick*: The most natural seems to me, that *we over-cleanse them*, by which they lose great part of that *salutary Slime* which helps to bind the broken *Continuum* of minute Bodies.

Their Age and Rankness of Feed, no doubt, makes a material Difference in their Effects; I cannot positively say what: My Remarks reaching only the *Apricot*, *Nectarine*, *Peach*, and *Rosemary*; all of the Odoriferous Kind.

SOLILOQUY.

WHY DAMON with the forward Day;
Dost thou thy little Spot survey?
From Tree to Tree, with doubtful Cheer,
Observe the Progress of the Year;
What Winds arise, what Rains descend,
When thou before that Year shalt end?

What do thy Noon-day Walks avail,
 To clear the Leaf, and pick the SNAIL?
 Then wantonly to *Death* decree
 An *Insect* usefuller than *Thee*.
 Thou, and the *Worm*, are *Brother-kind*,
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain Wretch, canst thou expect to see
 The downy *Peach* make Court to *Thee*?
 Or that thy Sense shall ever meet
 The *Bean-Flower's* deep-embosom'd Sweet?
 Exhaling with an Evening's Blast,
 Thy Evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow Pride, thy fancied Green,
 (For Vanity's in little seen)
 All must be left when *Death* appears,
 In spite of Wishes, Groans and Tears;
 Nor one of all thy *Plants* that grow,
 But *Rosemary*, will with *Thee* go.

Doubtless, the *Snail* is of great Efficacy
 in *Medicine*, and I have known most sur-
 prizing Cures wrought by them in Coughs,
 Catarrhs, and Consumptive Indispositions.
 It is very plain, from this *small Essay*, that
 had Dr. *Sewell* liv'd, he wou'd have made
 some signal Discoveries concerning the Vir-
 tues of this *Insect*.

Mr.

Mr. Congreve upon subscribing a Crown at the Bookseller's Shop, the Custom at BATH, was mightily pleas'd with a *Description* of the *Place* which he found in Mr. LOVEDAY's *Letters*, that he had taken to his Lodgings to pass away a Rainy Evening. As it is true in Fact, I shall here transcribe it for the Entertainment of those Readers who have never been at BATH.

Mr. Loveday writes thus to his Brother,—
“ We are now in a *Town* where most of the
“ *People* get their *Bread* by their *Water*;
“ and to strengthen the Paradox, those that
“ never knew how to govern themselves are
“ yet Guides to others; of a *City* it is doubt-
“ less the prettiest in *England*, in a double
“ Sense, as it is little and handsome. (Most
“ of the Inhabitants live the Life of *Fishes*
“ in Summer, and *Flies* in Winter; for
“ then they have nothing else to do but sleep
“ in their Crannies.) I have been something
“ curious to inform myself of its Original;
“ but the best account I could get, does afford
“ but poor Satisfaction: The soberest have
“ only told me my own Conjectures, that
“ the Eruption of these *Hot-Springs*, which
“ certainly borrow their *Warmth* in their
“ Passage thro' a sulphureous Mineral, was
“ the cause of building this City; but in the

“ Conveyance of Particulars to Posterity, as
 “ the Time, Founders, with other Circum-
 “ stance, Tradition has been very unfaithful,
 “ in suffering the Truth to be swallow’d up
 “ by a Fable, which goes very current among
 “ the common People, and talks of a King
 “ called BLADUD, that being a great
 “ Necromancer, (I know not for what rea-
 “ son) caused by the Power of his Art, these
 “ Waters to be boiled under Ground into
 “ such an immense Quantity, as hath served
 “ to Par-boil all those that have since resorted
 “ hither to wash off their Diseases.”

Mr. Congreve laughed heartily at this Fic-
 tion, and said that Powel had sufficient
 Ground to erect his Puppet-show upon so
 notable a Plan, wherein, there was Conjura-
 tion in Perfection.

But to proceed with Mr. Loveday,——
 “ In my Perusal of the Cathedral here, a
 “ Structure that is rather handsome than mag-
 “ nificent, and claims as little Admiration as
 “ Contempt, I met with an old Inscription
 “ upon the Wall, which at first startled me:
 “ The Words were these,

*The Trees going to chuse their King,
 Said be to us thou OLIVER King.*

“ But

“ But upon Enquiry I learned from a Person that had read the Ancient Records, this Inscription was made in honour of one *Oliver King*, Abbot of a Monastery, that laid the Foundation of this Minster; the *Rebus* is allusive to a Passage in *Judges* where the Trees consented to chuse them, a *King*, and pitched first upon the *Olive*, tho, at last the *Bramble* carried it. So this pitiful Piece of Wit was set up as a grateful Memorial of that Abbot's Piety.” *

Now, to what more immediately relates to Mr. *Congreve*;—by a scurrilous Piece of *John Dennis's* just publish'd, † I am oblig'd, like the *Crab*, to go backward a little. I find Mr. *Congreve* was the universal Peace-Maker among the Poets, for Mr. *Pope* having complain'd to him of *Dennis's* Billing's-Gate-Attacks upon his Writings, Mr. *Congreve* prescribed a very easy Method of healing all Breaches, by giving *Dennis* a little Money in subscribing for some of his Books, (which to speak the Truth were only re-printed for those Persons of whom he begg'd the small Pittance of a Guinea Subscription, there being no Demand

* See, *Lovesday's* Letters, Domestick and Foreign, &c. Lond. 1684. 8vo. (pag. 49 and 168.) the 7th Impression.

† Remarks upon the DUNCIAD.

for them by the Publick, nor never will.) This Mr. Pope readily came into, and subscrib'd to *Four Volumes* of his Trumpery; two of which were *Plays, Poems, &c.* and the other two call'd *Familiar Letters*, tho' most scandalously abusive, as may be seen by several of them being wrote against Mr. Addison, and others of them scandalously address'd to Mr. Booth, under the Name of *Judas Iscariot*, for which the Scribler is justly intitled to *Argumentum Baculinum*.

However, Mr. Pope upon his second Payment, sent Dennis the following Letter, viz.

S I R,

I Call'd to receive the two Books of your *Letters* from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little Money I am in your Debr. I look upon my self to be much more so, for the Omissions you have been pleas'd to make in those *Letters* in my Favour, and sincerely join with you in the Desire, that not the least Traces may remain of that Difference between us which indeed I am sorry for. You may therefore believe me, without either Ceremony or Falseness,

May 3d 1721. S I R, Your most obedient
Humble Servant, A. P O P E.

It was Mr. Congreve's good Fortune never to be attack'd by this vile, mercenary, universal Defamer of Mankind. But this I attribute rather to his great Humanity, who was continually bestowing upon Dennis Pecuniary Favours, than to any Esteem for his just Merit. Having often heard him say, *it was of the two Evils, better to have Dennis's Flattery than his Gall.*

The first Piece, to use his own Words, which felt, "*the Effect of his impotent Envy and Malice,*" was, *The Essay upon CRITICISM*, by this attempt verifying the Fable of the *Viper* and the *File*, "and endeavouring to destroy the Reputation of a Man," who had by this single Poem justly acquir'd more Applause, than the scribbling of his whole Life will amount to. Now observe that *Money*, not *Merit*, is the Point Dennis always has in View; "Mr. Pope, says he, subscrib'd to the two Volumes of *select Works*, and afterwards to the two Volumes of *Letters*, which engag'd me to strike out several severe Reflections against him, which were scatter'd up and down in those *Letters.*" * A fine Method of Subsistence

* Remarks on the DUNCIAD. pag. 39, 40.

this!

this! which is no other than making this publick Declaration.—GENTLEMEN if you won't subscribe for my Abuses of other People, I'll certainly Abuse you.

Nothing can be more base, than what he himself confesses. Hear the Miscreant, *ex Ore te Judico*. “Perhaps, says he, it may be thought, † that I had Reason to be satisfied, and to regard Mr. Pope (from his subscribing to me) as a Friend. I indeed from that Hour ceas'd to be his Enemy, but could not put an entire Confidence in him, as often as I reflected on a Piece of monstrous Perfidy, which he had been guilty of seven Years before.—The great Success of Mr. Addison's CATO fermented his (Mr. Pope's) Envy, and provok'd his Malice exceedingly. To discharge some part of his Spleen, he goes to Mr. Lintot his Bookseller, and persuades Him to engage me to write some Remarks upon Mr. Addison's Play. Mr. Pope prevail'd upon Mr. Lintot,” Mr. Lintot prevail'd upon himself to shew me a brace of Guineas, and the Gold (*Judas* like) as it always does, prevail'd upon me. “But Mr. Pope's Gratitude for my complying with his Request, is not a little surprizing: He writes a very scurrilous and impertinent Pamphlet, in which

† Ibid. p. 41, 42.

“ he acquaints his Reader, that I was in the
 “ Hands of Dr. *Norris*, a Curer of Mad-
 “ People, at his House in *Hatton-Garden*,
 “ tho’ at the same time I appear’d publicly
 “ every day both in the Park and in the
 “ Town.”

Here I must observe that *John Partridge*
 the Astrologer, as well as his Name-sake
John Dennis, had the Assurance to assert
 that he was *alive* and *well*, after *Isaac Bicker-*
staffe had prov’d him *Dead* and *Buried*.

But let our modern *Zoilus* go on. The
 Manuscript of this Pamphlet, says *Dennis*,
 (*viz.* Dr. *Norris*’s Narrative, &c.) “ Mr.
 “ *Pope* offer’d to shew to Mr. *Addison* before
 “ it was printed, who had too much Honour,
 “ and too much good Sense to approve of so
 “ black a Proceeding. He was so far from
 “ approving of it, that he immediately en-
 “ gag’d Sir *Richard Steele* to write the fol-
 “ lowing Letter to *Lintot*.”

August 4, 1713.

Mr. LINTOT,

MR. *Addison* desir’d me to tell you, that
 he wholly disapproves the Manner of
 treating Mr *Dennis* in a little Pamphlet, by
 way of Dr. *Norris*’s Account. When he
 thinks

thinks fit to take notice of Mr. *Dennis's* Objections to *his Writings*, he will do it in a way Mr. *Dennis* shall have no just Reason to complain of. But when the Papers above-mention'd were offer'd to be communicated to him, he said, he could not either in Honour or Conscience, be privy to such a *Treatment*, and was sorry to hear of it. I am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

This silly Detail puts me in Mind of the learned Dr. *South's* excellent Remark on this Text, *The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is no God.* And who, but a Fool, says the Preacher, *would have said so?* Who but an Idiot, under the Dotage *John Dennis* is now arriv'd to would ever have told this Story, or even at the time have taken such an *Ironical-Joke* as Dr. *Norris's* Narrative to have been meant as a *serious Truth*. But now let us examine how he used Mr. *Addison*, who at Mr. *Congreve's* Request, (rather than be bated any more by this *Man-Tyger*,) became a Subscriber to *Dennis*, for his two Volumes of *select Works*, who promis'd Mr. *Addison* at an Interview with him and Mr.

Rowe,

Rowe, that he would burn some other *Remarks* on *Cato* which he had then by him, and never more engage in any Controversy against him. Now what does *this most perfidious Wretch*, who taxes other Men with *Perfidy*, do?—Why, remain silent during *Mr. Addison's* Life; but six years after his Death (the most inhuman Act that can be committed) from his *foul Papers*, truly so called, muster up *seven* very stupid *Letters* upon the *Sentiments of the two first Acts of CATO*.

And I am sorry, in this place, to take notice, that the same Charge, of reviling *Mr. Addison* since his decease, lies against *Mr. Pope*, tho' he would endeavour to persuade us, it was sent to *Mr. Addison* in his Lifetime, and only meant as a *Friendly Admonition*.

To get rid of this irksome Debate, *Dennis's* Pamphlet against *Mr. Pope's DUNCIAD* * is the most scurrilous and contemptible Libel that ever stain'd Paper, and adorn'd with the Flowers of no other Rhetorick, than Duncce, Idiot, Blockhead, and such distinguishing *Billing's - Gate* - Appellations; he defends his *foul Language* with the *Excuse*

* *Remarks* upon the *Dunciad*. *Ibid.* p. 11.

of a Child, but what ought to be the *Shame* of a *Man*—*Læsit prior*, i. e. Mr. Pope call'd me Names first.

Besides, this mighty Pretender to Correctness is continually blundering himself, of which I shall produce a flagrant Instance. Major *Pack*, in his excellent, tho' short, *Memoire* of Mr. *Wycherley's* Life, brings him from one of the *Universities*, to the *Temple*, &c. *Dennis* in *Contradiction* to the Major's *Affertion*, replies (in a Letter to Him) with an equal Degree of *Impudence* and *Ignorance*; that, "He never could learn, " either from Mr. *Wycherley* himself, or from " Mr. *Dryden*, or Sir *Harry Sheers*, or Mr. " *Walkeden*, or from any of those who had " been longest acquainted with Mr. *Wy-* " *cherley*, that he had ever resided at either " of our *Universities* *."

Mr. *Wycherley* and his Friends, had more Manners than to examine one another about the Places of their Education; it was sufficient for them, that they enjoy'd the Fruits of it in Concert with each other. But had Critic-*Dennis* been as conversant in Books, as he is in Scandal, he might have found, that " *William Wycherley*, the eldest Son of

* See *Dennis's Letters*. Vol. I. p. 215. 8vo. Lond. 1721.

" *Daniel*

" *Daniel Wycherley*, of *Clive* in *Shropshire*,
 " became a Fellow-Commoner of *Queen's*-
 " College a little before the Restoration of
 " King *CHARLES II.* but wore not a Gown,
 " only liv'd in the Provost's Lodgings, was
 " enter'd in the Public Library, under the
 " Title of *Philosophia Studiosus*, in *July*,
 " 1660. being then about Twenty Years of
 " Age, departed without being matriculated,
 " or a Degree conferred on him, having
 " been by *Dr. Barlow* reconcil'd to the Pro-
 " testant-Religion, which he had a little be-
 " fore left in his Travels beyond the Seas.
 " Afterwards he retired to the *Inner-Temple*,
 " &c.*" So that with this notorious Blunder
 relating to *Mr. Wycherley*, and all his other
 Imperfections on his Head, I shall here leave
 him.

How different from this Conduct, was that
 of *Mr. Addison*, who, as *Dennis* himself
 observes, "*had too much Honour, and too*
 "*much good Sense*," to approve of any Wri-
 ter's giving Another unhandsome Treatment.
 And whose *Honour*, and *good Sense*, *Dennis*
 was well assur'd, would prevent him from
 entering the Lists with such a foul-mouth'd
 Antagonist as Himself, had he been to have
 writ *Remarks* upon *CATO*, and the *SPEC-*
TATOR every Month in the Year.

* See Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* Fol. Vol. 2. p. 976.

In Justice therefore, to Mr. ADDISON's Honour and good Sense, which in every Action of his Life were so conspicuous, I shall produce one single example, which will for ever embalm his Memory.

In all his publick Stations and Trusts he gain'd a wonderful Applause. His great Vivacity, Penetration, Learning, and Observations, render'd him perfectly Master of the most important Business of the State; neither was he wanting in Dispatch, which in him was so easy, that, in many Cases, what was a Pleasure to Mr. ADDISON, was almost insuperable to others.

And what is a peculiar Commendation of Persons in such advantageous Stations, his Assiduity to serve his Friends, and great Disinterestedness in so doing, was very remarkable. I have Authority to communicate to the World an Instance of this Nature, in the Case of the Honourable Major *David Dunbar*, to whom Mr. ADDISON had done a very signal piece of Service in the Year 1715. when he was Secretary to the Earl of *Sunderland*, then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. This favour, in the Major's Estimation of it, deserv'd a very handsome Return, and accordingly he sent the Secretary a *Bank-Bill* for

300 Guineas, which he would not by any means accept. I am farther to inform the Reader, that upon Mr. ADDISON's refusal of the *Bill*, the Major purchas'd a *Diamond-Ring* of the same Value, and upon his Tender of that Present, it was rejected with some Warmth.

How heartily he espous'd this Gentleman's Interest, will appear to his Honour, from the following Letters; as well as the *honest Reason* he gives for *not accepting*, what the Major thought, only, an *Equitable Gratuity*.

To the Honourable Major DUNBAR.

SIR,

I This Morning urged to my Lord Lieutenant every thing you suggest in your Letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with the Secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir *William St. Quintin* to remove all Difficulties with the Secretary, and will again plead your Cause with His Excellency to-morrow Morning. If you send me word where I may wait on you about Eleven o'clock, in some *Bye-Coffee-House*, I will inform you of the Issue of this matter, if I find my Lord *Sunderland*

K

at

at home, and will convince you that I was in Earnest when I wrote to you before, by shewing my self,

Sir,

Your most Disinterested

Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

To the Honourable Major DUNBAR.

SIR,

I Find there is a very strong Opposition formed against you, but I shall wait on my Lord Lieutenant this Morning and lay your Case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other Company. I am afraid what you say of his * Grace. does not portend you any Good.

And now Sir believe me, when I assure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any Pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary Fees of my Office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from

* The Duke of Marlborough.

William Congreve *Esq*;

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the World, were I capable of it, but I could not from my self. And I hope I shall always fear the Reproaches of my own Heart more than those of all Mankind. In the mean time if I can serve a Gentleman of Merit, and such a Character as you bear in the World, the satisfaction I meet' with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only Reward to, Sir,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

He gave a Lustre to the Places he enjoy'd and the great Personages he had the Honour to serve: He manag'd his greatest Charge with known Ability; and resign'd it only on account of his Health, the want of which, was a very great Loss to the Publick. If any Objection has been made to his Character, it has proceeded from over-much Modesty, a Fault easily to be forgiven.

These two invaluable Letters of Friendship, from Mr. *Addison* to Major *Dunbar*, might have been accompany'd with some others of the like Nature from Mr. *Moyle* to Mr. *Congreve*, but I rather chuse to refer the Reader to the new

Edition of Mr. *Moyle's* Pieces, with some *Memoirs* of His *Life* and *Writings*, by *Anthony Hammond* Esq; *

In this collection of Mr. *Moyle's* Tracts, are several Letters which pass'd between *Him*, Mr. *Congreve*, and some other of their Acquaintance; so, that in this place I shall only insert Mr. *Congreve's* last Letter to that Gentleman.

* The whole Works of *Walter Moyle*, Esq; that were publish'd by Himself. Consisting of the following Pieces. I. On Improving the *Athenian-Revenue*: Done from the *Greek* of *Xenophon*, with Observations. II. Select Translations from *Lucan*: Concerning the Pagan Worship, Superstition, and Sacrifices: With a Parallel between Antient and Modern Priestcraft. III. An Argument, shewing that a *Standing Army* is inconsistent with a Free Government, and absolutely destructive of the Constitution of the *English* Monarchy. IV. An Essay on the *Lacedemonian* Government. V. Familiar Letters which passed between Mr. *Moyle*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Hopkins*, *Anthony Hammond* Esq; &c. VI. The best Method of forming a Library, with Characters of the Principal Historians. VII. Remarks on the Government of *England*; on the Corruption of our Ministry and Parliaments; the honest Notions of the Laity perplex'd by the Clergy; the Obstinacy of Ecclesiasticks the Cause of our Civil Wars, and of the Embroilments in all States. An Apology for the Writings of Mr. *Moyle*, against the ridiculous Cavils of Mr. *Hearne* of *Oxford*, the late Dr. *Woodward*, Mr. *Whiston* and Mr. *Woolston*, relating to the *Thundering Legion*. Beautifully printed, by *E. Curll*, in the *Strand*, 1727. Price 5 s.

To WALTER MOYLE, Esq; at Bake, near
Loo, in Cornwall.

Dear SIR,

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in London to you in Cornwall, is like some ancient Correspondence between an Inhabitant of Rome and a Cimmerian. May be my Way of Writing may not be so modestly compared with Roman Epistles; but the Resemblance of the Place will justify the other Part of the Parallel: The subterraneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ*, help a little; and while you are at Bake, let Bake be *Cumæ*, and do you supply the Place of *Sibylla*. You may look on this as Raillery; but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will †. You wish your self with us at *Will's* Coffee-House; all here wish for you, from the President of the *Grave-Club*, to the most puny Member of the Rabble: They, who can Think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa* that is not sensible of your

† He was chosen for *Salisbury*.

Absence ; even the worst-natur'd People, and those of least Wit, lament it ; I mean half Criticks and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I should name all the Creatures of *Covent-Garden*, which, like those of *Eden-Garden*, would want some *Adam* to be a Godfather, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may justly compare our *Covent-Garden* to that of *Eden*, or no ; for tho' I believe we may have variety of strange Animals equal to Paradise, yet I fear we have not amongst us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-House been in his Days ; for sure he would have described some who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service ; for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monsters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician ; for then, you will add a new Monster to the Coffee-House, that was never seen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat ; for, in that, you will no more be suspected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come, upon any Terms, for you are wish'd for by every body, but most wanted by your

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

In

In all the *Civil-Posts*, which Mr. Congreve had the Honour to fill, he was never *once* remov'd from any; unless, it were to his Advancement. A full Proof, that Merit, *only*, occasion'd the Alteration. The Principal of which, were his *Office* in the *Customs*, and his Secretaryship of *Jamaica*.

From the Accident of his being over-turn'd last Summer, in his Chariot at *Bath*, it was thought he had receiv'd some internal Bruise, because he often complain'd of a violent Pain in his Side. But finding himself in a very declining-way, under a complicated Indisposition, he settled his Affairs (as every prudent Man ought to do) above four Years before, 1725, as, by his *WILL*, appears.

P. S. Since the Edition of Mr. Congreve's Works in *Octavo*, there has been another in *Duodecimo*, Three Volumes, to which he has added Translations of two of *Fontaine's TALES*. I. *Le Chose Impossible*. The Impossible Thing. II. *The Peasant in Search of his Heifer*. The first of these, is address'd to Sir *Richard Steele*; wherein, as to the Fable, Mr. Congreve says,

He tells it with some Variation,
Not altogether a Translation.

FONTAINE relates, "That a Gentleman, finding
" it very difficult to gain the Affections of his Mis-
" tress, a good-natur'd Devil proffer'd his Service
" to help him out; and assur'd him, that the Lady
" should instantly comply; only upon Condition,
" that he would undertake to find him *continual*
" *Employment*; but that if he stood one Moment
" idle,

"idle, the Gentleman's Bond was forfeited. Our
 "young Spark thought that there was no *Mystery*
 "in *commanding*, and fancying that he had *Bit the*
 "*Devil*, signs the Agreement. Upon which *Satan*
 "set a *Spell* upon the Lady; the Operation had
 "its immediate Effect, the Fair-one comply'd, and
 "our Gallant was happy. But lo! after Consum-
 "mation, he could take no Repose, because the
 "Devil wanted *Employment*. SATAN was sent on
 "several Dispatches, but return'd in a Trice, so
 "that our *Lover* grew quite heartless, and was
 "oblig'd to make his melancholy Case known to his
 "Mistress; telling her, that unless *she* could assist
 "him, by some *female Stratagem*, he had by Com-
 "pact forfeited both *Soul* and *Body* to the *Devil*.

——And is this all? replies the Fair:

Let me alone to cure this Care.

When next your *Demon* shall appear,

Pray give him——look——What I hold here;

And bid him labour soon or late,

To lay *these* RINGLETS lank and strait.

Then something, scarcely to be seen,

Her Finger and her Thumb between

She held, and, sweetly smiling, cry'd,

Your Goblin's Skill shall now be try'd.

She said; and gave——what shall I call

That Thing so shining, crisp, and small,

Which round his Finger strove to twine?

A Tendril of the *Cyprian-Vine*?

Or Sprig from *Cytherea's-Grove*;

Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?

With Awe He now takes from *her Hand*

That Fleece-like-Flow'r of Fairy Land:

And to *Pug* issues his Command.

This HAIR, thus Curve, and thus Orbicular,

Hammer thou Strait and Perpendicular;

So Strait be it, that in no sort

It ever may in Rings retort.

See me no more till this be done,

Hence to thy Task——avaunt, be gone.

Away

Away the Fiend like Light'ning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies;
Anvils and Presses he employs,
And dins all Hell with *Cyclop*-Noise.
In vain: he to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elastic-Fibre works his Pains,
And its first Spiral-Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
Down in the Ocean, deep, he dives:
This Sprunt, its Buckle sure will lose,
When laid, says he, to soak in Ooze.
Poor foolish Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old *Neptune*, with paternal Waves,
The Child of his own Bed receives:
Which oft as dipt, new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplext,
Nor knows what Sleight to practise next.
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails:
But all concur his Shame to show,
And more exasperate the Foe.
Sometimes he twists, and twirls it round,
Then pausing, meditates profound:
No End he sees of his Surprise,
Nor *what it shou'd be*, cou'd devise:
For never yet did Wool or Feather,
Stand buff against all sorts of Weather:
And unrelax'd like this resist
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinster-Witch cou'd spin such Thread,
He cou'dn't guess; but to his Cost,
Found all his Fame and Labour lost.
Defeated thus, thus discontent,
Back to the Lover, Satan went:
I grant, quoth He, our *Contract* null,
And give you a *Discharge* in full.
But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
Since I so candidly knock under,
What is this *Thing*? where cou'd it grow?
Pray take it—'tis in *statu quo*.
Much good may't do you, for my part
I wash my Hands on't from my Heart.

Reply'd

Reply'd the Lover, brisk and airy,
Satan, indeed, you're too soon weary.
 What leave this trifling Task undone?
 And think'st Thou This the only one?
 Alas! were this *Hair* strait, thou'd'st find
 Millions of more such, still behind.
 Which wou'd employ, Time without End,
 Both You and ev'ry Hellish Fiend.

The *Second* Tale, Of the *Lout*, who lost his *Heifer*,
 is, as the Proverb says, short and sweet. “The
 “honest Countryman, climbing one of the highest
 “Trees, was in hopes of spying his *Heifer* in some
 “neighbouring Pasture. But,

— It chanc'd, *we find*, that way to pass
 A Jolly-Lad, and Buxom-Lass:
 The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
 So lightly-down he lays my Lady.
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
 That he some certain Scene display'd!
 And loudly cry'd, in Rapture, *What!*
What see I, Gods! What see I not!
 But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
 'Twas more than well cou'd be express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
 Strait stopt him short in mid career:
 And bauling out, cry'd, *Honest Friend,*
That of thy Seeing, see'st no End;
Deft See the Heifer that I seek?
If doft—pray be so kind to speak.

Nothing now remains, but that I should
 close these *Memoirs*; wherein I have had no
 other Views, than a strict Regard to *Truth*,
 and to do that *Justice* to the *Memory* of my
 departed Friend, which, in my Judgment,
 his Merit deserv'd; and which is farther con-
 firm'd by the following Testimony of Sir
Richard Steele, who, speaking of Mr. Con-
 greve's

greve's Talents, upon a very particular Occasion, thus delivers Himself, *viz.* *

His great *Discernment* in distinguishing the *Characters* of *Mankind*, which is manifested in his *COMEDIES*, render'd his good Opinion a just Foundation for the Esteem of other Men.

He acquir'd a just Success, in the various Parts of Poetry; that gentle, free, and easy Faculty, which also in *Songs* and *Short Poems*, He possess'd, above all others, distinguish'd it self where-ever it appear'd. I cannot but instance his inimitable *DORIS*, † which excels for Politeness, fine Raillery, and courtly Satire, any Thing we can meet with in any Language. I cannot leave my Favourite *DORIS*, ‡ without taking notice how much that short Performance discovers a true Knowledge of Life. *DORIS* is the Character of a Libertine-Woman of Condition, and

* See, The Dedication, of his *Poetical Miscellanies*, to Mr. Congreve.

† The Viscountess F——— *ut supra*, p. 62.

‡ The Point of this fine Satire, lies, chiefly, in the two last Stanzas of it, *viz.*

Doris, our Thanks, nor asks, nor needs,

For all her Favours done:

From her, Love flows, as Light proceeds,

Spontaneous, from the Sun.

On One, or Other, still her Fires

Display their Gen'ral Force;

And *She*, like *Sol*, alone retires,

To shine elsewhere o' course.

the Satire is work'd up accordingly : For People of Quality are seldom touched with any Representation of their Vices, but in a Light which makes them Ridiculous.

As much as He was to be esteem'd for his excellent Writings (by which He was an Honour to our Nation) I chuse rather, as one that has pass'd many happy Hours with Him, to celebrate that easy Condescension of Mind, and Command of a pleasant Imagination, which gave him the uncommon Praise of a Man of Wit, always to please, and never to offend. No one, after a joyful Evening, could reflect upon an Expression of Mr. *Congreve's*, that dwelt upon him with Pain.

In a Man capable of exerting himself any way, this (whatsoever the Vain and Ill-natur'd may think of the matter) was an Excellence above the brightest Sallies of Imagination.

The Reflection upon this most equal, amiable and correct Behaviour, which could be observ'd only by his intimate Acquaintance, has quite diverted me from acknowledging *his several Excellencies* as a *Writer*; for to have dwelt particularly on *those Subjects* would have had no very good Effect upon my *own Performances* : Thus I confess his *Merit* is spar'd only by my *Vanity*, and yet I hope I may have Leave to indulge it farther, by telling all the World, I was, with great Truth, proud of having it thought, that He was my Friend.

RICHARD STEELE.

Mr. CONGREVE's
Last Will and Testament.

WITH
CHARACTERS
OF HIS
WRITINGS.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN, Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE,
Mr. ADDISON, Major PACK, and Mr. POPE.

To which are added, Two Pieces, *viz.*

- I. *Of rightly Improving the present Time.* An Epistle,
from Mr. CONGREVE, to the Right Honourable
RICHARD Lord Viscount COBHAM.
- II. The GAME of QUADRILLE. An
ALLEGORICAL COURT-SATIRE.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL next *Will's* Coffee-
House, in *Bow-street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1730.

Mr. GOWGER'S

Last Will and Testament.

WITH

CHARACTERS

OF HIS

WRITINGS.

BY

DR. RICHARD BLACKMORE,
MR. ADDISON, MAJOR PACE, and MR. FORBES.

To which is added, Two Essays, viz.

I. Of the Nature and Extent of the Honourable
II. The GAME of QUADRILLE. An
III. A PRACTICAL COURSE-SATIRE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for E. CURRIE, next WILKIE'S COFFEE
House, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1732.



(43)



*A true COPY of the Last
Will and Testament of
William Congreve, Esq;*

*Registro Curiae Prærogatæ Cantuar'
Extract*

In the Name of God, Amen. This is the last Will of me *William Congreve*, of the Parish of *St. Clement-Danes, Westminster*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Esq; made the twenty-sixth Day of *February, Anno Dom. 1725*. And first I desire, and direct, that my Funeral shall be privately performed, without the least Ostentation, and the Place where, I refer to my Executor to appoint.

I give to the several Persons herein afternamed, the respective Legacies following (that is to say)

IMPRIMIS, I give and bequeath to *Anne Fellet*, twenty Pounds a Year during her Life.

Item, To *William Congreve*, Son of Colonel *William Congreve* of *Highgate*, and my Godson, three hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Anne Congreve*, Daughter to my late Kinsman Colonel *Ralph Congreve* of *Clarges-street*, two hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Anne Bracegirdle*, of *How-street*, two hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Frances Porter*, fifty Pounds.

Item, To Mrs. *Deborah Rooke*, one hundred Pounds, with all my Linnen and Apparel. For other, less Legacies, I leave them as specified in a Codicil, inclosed in the Duplicate of this Will, and left in the Custody of the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*.

ALL the Rest and Reſidue of my Eſtate, the ſame conſiſting in perſonal Things only, (not having any Lands, or other real Eſtate) I give and bequeath to the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, the now Wife of *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin*, in the County of *Cornwall*; but not ſo as to veſt in him the ſaid Earl of *Godolphin*,

dolphin, the equitable Right and Interest of such Rest and Residue, but that the same and every part thereof; and the Interest, Produce, and Benefit thereof; shall and may, at all times, from and after my Decease, be had and received by her the said Dutches, namely, *Henrietta*, Dutches of *Marlborough*, to her sole and separate Use, and wherewith her said Husband, or any after-taken Husband, of her the said Dutches of *Marlborough*, shall not intermeddle, or have any controuling Power over: nor shall the said Rest and Residue, or the Interest and Produce thereof, be liable to the Debts and Incumbrances of the said Earl of *Godolphin*, or of any after-taken Husband, of her the said Dutches of *Marlborough*, in any wise; but shall be had and received, issued and paid, as she the said Dutches of *Marlborough*, shall by writing under her Hand, from time to time direct and appoint; and her own Acquittance shall be a sufficient Discharge for all, or any Part of the Estate so given to her as aforesaid. And in Confidence of the Honesty and Justice of him the said *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin*, I do hereby constitute and appoint him, the sole Executor of this my Will, in Trust for his said Wife, as aforesaid. In Witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my Name,

and set my Seal, the Day and Year afore-
said.

William Congreve (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, and declared by the said
William Congreve the Testator, to be his last
Will, in the Presence of Us,

TIMO. KIPLIN,

THOMAS SWAN.

N. B. The other *Legacies* referred to, in
the *Duplicate* of this *Will*, were as follow.

Item, To Mrs. *Anne Congreve*, her Mo-
ther, and to Colonel *William Congreve* of
Highgate, each, twenty Pounds.

Item, To *Peter Walter*, Esq; of St. *Margaret Westminster*, twenty Pounds.

Item, To *Richard Lord Viscount Cob-
ham*, and *Richard Lord Viscount Shannon*,
twenty Pounds each.

Item, To *Charles Mein*, Esq; and Mr.
Edward Porter, and Mr. *Joshua White*,
twelve Pounds each.

Item,

Item, To her Grace *Henrietta* Dutcheſs of *Newcastle*, I give and bequeath the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough's* Picture, by *Kneller*.

Item, To the Lady *Mary Godolphin*, youngest Daughter to the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, I give and bequeath her Mother's Picture enamelled, in Miniature, together with my white Brilliant Diamond Ring.

Item, To Col. *Charles Churchill*, twenty Pounds, together with my Gold-headed Cane.

Item, To all and each of my Domestick Servants, a Year's Wages, and proper Mourning.

Item, To the Poor of the Parish, ten Pounds,

Attested by *WILL. HUMPHSTONE.*

GEORGE THORPE.

JONATHAN WHITE.

The CODICIL.

WHereas I *William Congreve*, did by my last Will and Testament, bearing Date the sixth Day of *February* 1725, affix a Schedule of Legacies, written in my own Hand, over a blank Space left for that purpose in the said Will; I do hereby revoke and annul those Legacies, excepting such as are bequeathed to Persons related to me, and bearing my own Hand; as also what is therein bequeathed to Mrs. *Anne Fellet*, and Mrs. *Anne Bracegirdle*; which said Legacies, I do hereby confirm, and do hereby revoke and annul all other Legacies therein mentioned, or in the Counter-part of the said Will, more at large set down; which Counter-part is by me left in Custody of her Grace, *Henrietta*, Dutches of *Marlborough*, my sole Executrix, as is specified in the said Will and Counter-part thereof. Be it understood, that my Intention is by this Writing to revoke those Legacies, not herein confirmed as above-mentioned, in such manner only as to leave them absolutely in the Power and Determination of the above-named *Henrietta* Dutches of *Marlborough*, my sole Executrix, either to pay, or refuse to pay to them, to take from them, or add to them,
as

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as she shall judge the Persons therein named, especially my Domestick Servants, therein mentioned, or not mentioned, may have merited of me.

William Congreve. (L. S.)

Signed and sealed, in presence of,

JOSEPH LEE,

WILL. HUMPHSTONE.

PROBATUM Londini cum quatuor Codicillis sive schedulis, testamentis annex tertio Die Mensis Februarij 1728. Coram ven'li viro Georgio Paul, legum Doctore surrog' &c. Furato prænobilis, & hon'li viri Francisci Comitiss' de Godolphin, Extris unica, &c. Cui, &c. De bene & Furat. Lata prius sententia definitiva pro valore, & validitate dicti testamenti prout, ex actis curiæ liquet.

LINTHWAITE FARRANT,

Registrar: Deputat: Assumpt.

Mr.

Mr. CONGREVE died about five o'Clock, on *Sunday* Morning, *January* the 19th, 1728-9. at his House in *Surrey-street* in the *Strand*, in the 57th Year of his Age; and on the *Sunday* following, *January* 26th, his Corps lay in State in the *Jerusalem* Chamber; from whence, the same Evening, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, it was carried, with great Decency and Solemnity, into King **HENRY** the VIIth's Chapel in *Westminster-Abbey*, and interred near the late Earl of *Godolphin*. The **PALL** was supported by, I. The Duke of *Bridgewater*. II. Earl of *Godolphin*. III. Lord *Cobham*. IV. Lord *Wilmington*. V. The Honourable *George Berkeley*, Esq; VI. Brigadier-General *Churchill*. And Colonel *Congreve* followed the Corps as Chief Mourner.

The following **EPISTLE**, *Of rightly Improving the present Time*, written to Lord *Cobham*, is here printed from Mr. *Congreve*'s Original Manuscript; with which I was obliged by a Person of the first Rank.



To the Right Honourable the

Lord Viscount COBHAM.

Of Improving the present Time.

SINCEREST Critic of my Prose, or Rhime,
Tell how thy pleasing Srowe * employs thy
Time.

Say, COBHAM, what amuses thy Retreat ?
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State ?
Dost thou recall to Mind with Joy, or Grief,
Great *MARLBRO*'s Actions ? That immortal
Chief,
Whose flightest Trophy rais'd in each Campaign,
More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign ?

* The Name of his Lordship's Seat in *Buckinghamshire*.

Does

Does thy Remembrance rising, warm thy Heart,
 With Glory past, where Thou thyself hadst Part;
 Or dost thou grieve indignant, now to see,
 The fruitless End of all thy Victory ?
 To see th' Audacious Foe, so late subdu'd,
 Dispute those Terms for which so long they su'd,
 As if BRITANNIA now were sunk so low,
 To beg that PEACE she wanted to bestow ?
 Be far that Guilt ! be never known that Shame !
 That ENGLAND thou'd retract her *rightful Claim*,
 Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with her Pen the Lustre of her Sword.
 Or dost thou give the Winds a-far to blow,
 Each vexing-Thought, and Heart-devouring Woe,
 And fix thy Mind alone on rural Scenes,
 To turn the level'd Lawns to liquid Plains,
 To raise the creeping Rills from humble Beds,
 And force the latent Springs to lift their Heads,
 On watry Columns, Capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing Curls with upper Air ?
 Or dost Thou, weary grown, these Works neglect,
 No Temples, Statues, Obelisks erect,
 But catch the morning Breeze from fragrant Meads,
 Or shun the Noon-tide Ray in wholesome Shades ?
 Or

Or slowly walk along the mazy Wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good?
 For Nature bountiful, in Thee has join'd,
 A Person pleasing, with a worthy Mind;
 Not given the Form alone, but Means, and Art,
 To draw the Eye, or to allure the Heart.
 Poor were the Praise in Fortune to excel,
 Yet want the Way to use that Fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with Virtue
 crown'd,

At Home, in Peace; Abroad, in Arms renown'd;
 Graceful in Form, and winning in Address,
 While well you think what aptly you express,
 With Health, with Honour, with a fair Estate,
 A Table free, and elegantly neat:

What can be added more to mortal Bliss?
 What can he want, that stands possess'd of This?
 What can the fondest wishing Mother more,
 Of Heaven attentive for her Son implore?

And yet a *Happiness* remains *unknown*,
 Or to *Philosophy* reveal'd *alone*;

A *Precept*, which unpractis'd renders vain

Thy flowing Hopes, and Pleasure turns to Pain.

Shou'd

Shou'd Hope and Fear thy Heart alternate tear,
 Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,
 Whatever Passions may thy Mind infest,
 (Where is that Mind which Passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the Pangs of such intestine Strife,
 Still *think the PRESENT DAY, the LAST of LIFE* ;
 Defer not till *To-Morrow* to be *Wise*,
To-Morrow's SUN, to *Thee* may never rise.
 Or shou'd *To-Morrow* chance to cheer thy *Sight*,
 With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for *Light*,
 How grateful will appear her *dawning Rays* !
 As Favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts
 pursues,
 Content may keep his Life, or calmly lose :
 All Proofs of this 'Thou may'st thyself receive,
 When Leisure from Affairs will give thee Leave.
 Come see thy Friend retir'd, without Regret,
 Forgetting Care, or striving to forget ;
 In easy Contemplation soothing Time
 With Morals much, and now and then with Rhime;
 Not so robust in Body, as in Mind,
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd :
 Not wond'ring at the World's new wicked Ways,
 Compar'd with those of our Fore-fathers Days,

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For Virtue now is neither more or less,
And Vice is only vary'd in the Dress:
Believe it, *Men* have ever been the *same*,
And *Ovid's* GOLDEN AGE is but a *Dream*.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



THE

(16)

For Virtue now is neither more or less

And Vice is only vary'd in the Dicks



And Ours Golden Age is but a Dream

THE TRUE
C O P Y
OF AN
AFFIDAVIT,

Made before one of His Majesty's
Justices of the Peace for the City
of *Westminster*.

THAT *four* LADIES, whom the De-
ponent does not care to name, re-
pair nightly to a certain convenient
Place, near St. *James's*, to meet their GAL-
LANTS of the first Rank ; whom your Depo-
nent will not name, but so far describe
them, that *two* of them are *fallow*, and
two of the *ruddy* Complexion ; and that he
verily believes they were most abominably
painted.

The

The LADIES when they begin their Gambols, call their GALLANTS by the fond Nicknames of *Hercules, Cupid, Pit*, and the *Gardiner*. After a plentiful Service of the most costly Fare, they begin their *Tricks*, which they play like the *Tumblers* in *Bartholomew-Fair* upon a Carpet, *strip is the Word*; nay, your Deponent has known them strip a Gentleman who came accidentally into the House. At *first*, they begin pretty courtly, at least in their Expressions, as, *Madam, by your leave*, or so; which the LADIES are so good as *seldom to deny*. Afterwards, it is shameful to describe the *Tricks* that are played by this *lewd Pack*. By an *established Rule*, each *Lady* has the Choice of her *Gallant* in her *Turn*, and some have been known so unreasonable, after they have had *Three*, to call for a *Fourth*. Your Deponent has seen a *Lady* on her *Back*, a *Man* o'Top of *her*, and a *Lady* o'Top of *him*; and he avers, it has been known, that a *Court Valet* has *stript them all*. Sometimes they are thrown on their *Backs*, sometimes on their *Bellies*, now higgledy piggedy, and anon, they are *all* o'Top of *one another*; and if *any one* is cal'ed upon, they are obliged to *show ALL*. Of the same Nature is their Discourse; your Deponent has often over-heard them talking of *A—es*, with the same Familiarity as their *Faces*; *I have a Black one*, says one, and named the

B

Thing

Thing directly; *mine is better than yours*, says the other, and names her *Thing*; *Must I be laugh't at*, says a Third, *because I have a Red one*. There is one monstrous *Thing* that your Deponent is almost ashamed to mention; after *Six* bouts, a *Lady* has asked *if they could do no more*; nay, a certain *Lady* has been known to play all the *Tricks over* by *herself*. Your Deponent likewise avers, that he has full Proof, after the *LADIES* have been tired with their *GALLANTS*, they have called for *fresh ones*: In short, the aforesaid *LADIES*, have not only spent their *Pin-Money*, but their *Husband's Estates*, upon *Hercules*, *Cupid*, *Pit*, and the *Gardiner*, and when they want more Money, they commonly pawn their *Jewels*, &c.

Westminster ss.

Jurat coram me,

T. T.

P. S. The above *Information* is a faithful Description of the *GAME* of *QUADRILLE*, not to be *Literally*, but *Allegorically* understood.

THO. WOOLSTON.

TESTI-

TESTIMONIES.

IN *easy Dialogue* is FLETCHER'S Praise:
He mov'd the Soul, but had not Power to raise.
Great JOHNSON did by *Strength of Judgment* please,
Yet doubling FLETCHER'S Force, he wants his
Ease.

In diff'ring Talents, Both adorn'd their Age;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.
But Both to CONGREVE justly shall submit,
ONE match'd in Judgment, BOTH o'er-match'd in
Wit.

In *Him* all Beauties of this Age we see;
ETHEREGE'S *Courtship*, SOUTHERN'S *Purity*;
The *Satire*, *Wit*, and *Strength*, of Manly
WYCHERLEY†.

† See Mr. Dryden's Verses, to Mr. Congreve, prefixed to
the DOUBLE DEALER.

The OLD BACHELOR*.

IN the Character which gives Name to this Play, there is excellently represented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchée to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency : He neither Languishes, nor Burns, but Frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour, are drawn with much Spirit and Wit ; and the *Drama* introduced by the Dialogue of the first Scene, with uncommon, yet natural Conversation.

The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unseasonable Fondness of Age and Impotence.

* See, *The Tatler*, N^o 9. Written by Mr. ADDISON.

The MOURNING BRIDE.*

THIS *Poem* has received, and in my Opinion, very justly, universal Applause; being looked on as the most perfect *Tragedy* that has been wrote in this Age. The *Fable*, as far as I can judge at first Sight, is a very artful and masterly Contrivance; the *Characters* are well chosen and well delineated; that of ZARA is admirable. The *Passions* are well touched, and skilfully wrought up. The *Diction*, proper, clear, beautiful, noble, and diversified agreeably to the Variety of the Subject. *Vice*, as it ought to be, is punished; and *Oppressed Innocence* at last rewarded. *Nature* appears very happily imitated (excepting one or two doubtful Instances) thro' the whole Piece; in which there are no immodest Images or Expressions; no wild unnatural Rants, but (some Exceptions being allowed) all Things are chaste, just, and decent.

This

* Sir Richard Blackmore's Preface to *Prince ARTHUR*, Fol. 1697.

This *Tragedy*, as I said before, has mightily obtained, and that without the unnatural and foolish Mixture of *Farce* and *Buffoonery*; without so much as a *Song*, or a *Dance*, to make it more agreeable. By this it appears, that, as a sufficient Genius can recommend itself, and furnish out abundant Matter of Pleasure and Admiration, without the poultry Helps above named; so likewise, that the Taste of the Nation is not so far depraved, but that a regular and chaste Play will not only be forgiven, but highly applauded.



This

CONGREVE, of all the Moderns, seems
to me,
To have the rightest Turn for *Comedy*.

In all his Plays there is a great deal of
lively and uncommon Humour, and such as
yet, for the most Part, is a *Picture of true
Life*. Besides, he hath raised the Vein of
Ridicule, and made the STAGE, which had
been too much prostituted to the Mob, *edi-
fying* to Persons of the first Condition. And
as his *Fable* is *Diverting*, so it is wrought
according to the *strictest Rules*.*

* See, Major PACK's *Essay on Study*, &c. in his *Mis-
cellanies*; printed for E. Curll, pag. 100.



INstead of endeavouring to raise a vain Monument to myself, let me leave behind me a Memorial of my Friendship with one of the most valuable Men, as well as finest Writers of my Age and Country : One who has tried, and knows by his own Experience, how hard an Undertaking it is to do justice to HOMER ; and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the Period of my Labours. To him therefore, having brought this long Work to a Conclusion, I desire to *Dedicate* it ; and to have the Honour and Satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the Names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE. †

March 25, 1720.

† See Mr. POPE's Postscript to his Translation of the *Iliad* of Homer.

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